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Morton Eden.

2699 f. 346

THE

RAMBLER.

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
HOR.

VOL. IV.

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THE

RAMBLER.

N° 156. SATURDAY, SEPT. 14 1751.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.
JUV.

For Wisdom ever echoes Nature's voice.

EVERY government, say the politicians, is perpetually degenerating towards corruption, from which it must be rescued at certain periods by the resuscitation of its first principles, and the re-establishment of its original constitution. Every animal body, according to the methodick physicians, is, by the predominance of some exuberant quality, continually declining towards disease and death, which must be obviated by a seasonable reduction of the peccant humour to the just equipoise which health requires.

In the same manner the studies of mankind, all at least which, not being subject to rigorous demonstration, admit the influence of fancy and caprice, are perpetually tending to error and confusion. Of the great principles of truth which the first speculatists discovered, the simplicity is embarrassed by ambitious additions, or the evidence obscured by inaccurate argumentation; and as they descend from one succession of writers to another

like light transmitted from room to room, they lose their strength and splendour, and fade at last in total evanescence.

The systems of learning therefore must be sometimes reviewed, complications analysed into principles, and knowledge disentangled from opinion. It is not always possible, without a close inspection, to separate the genuine shoots of consequential reasoning, which grow out of some radical postulate from the branches which art has engrafted on it. The accidental prescriptions of authority, when time has procured them veneration, are often confounded with the laws of nature; and those rules are supposed coeval with reason, of which the first rise cannot be discovered.

Criticism has sometimes permitted fancy to dictate the laws by which fancy ought to be restrained, and fallacy to perplex the principles by which fallacy is to be detected; her superintendance of others has betrayed her to negligence of herself; and, like the ancient Scythians, by extending her conquests over distant regions, she has left her throne vacant to her slaves.

Among the laws of which the desire of extending authority, or ardour of promoting knowledge has prompted the prescription, all which writers have received had not the same original right to our regard. Some are to be considered as fundamental and indispensable, others only as useful and convenient; some are dictated by reason and necessity, others enacted by despotick antiquity; some as invincibly supported by their conformity to the order of nature and operations of the intellect; others *as formed by accident*, or instituted by example, and *therefore always liable* to dispute and alteration

t many rules have been advanced without
ing nature or reason, we cannot but suspect,
'e find it peremptorily decreed by the ancient
i that *only three speaking personages should at once upon the stage*; a law which, as the
and intricacy of modern plays has made it im-
: to be observed, we now violate without scru-
, as experience proves, without inconvenience.
original of this precept was merely acciden-
ragedy was a monody or solitary song in ho-
Bacchus, improved afterwards into a dia-
>y the addition of another speaker; but
ients, remembering that the tragedy was at
>nounced only by one, durst not for some time
beyond two; at last, when custom and
:y had made them daring, they extended their
to the admission of three, but restrained them-
y a critical edict from further exorbitance.
/hat accident the number of acts was limited
I know not that any author has informed
t certainly it is not determined by any ne-
arising either from the nature of action or
ty of exhibition. An act is only the repre-
>n of such a part of the business of the play
eeds in an unbroken tenor, or without any
diate pause. Nothing is more evident than
every real, and by consequence of every
ck action, the intervals may be more or
han five; and indeed the rule is upon the
i stage every day broken in effect, without
er mischief than that which arises from an
endeavour to observe it in appearance.
ver the scene is shifted the act ceases, since
ne is necessarily supposed to elapse while the
;es of the drama change their place.

With no greater right to our obedience have the criticks confined the dramatick action to a certain number of hours. Probability requires that the time of action should approach somewhat nearly to that of exhibition, and those plays will always be thought most happily conducted which crowd the greatest variety into the least space. But since it will frequently happen that some delusion must be admitted, I know not where the limits of imagination can be fixed. It is rarely observed that minds, not prepossessed by mechanical criticism, feel any offence from the extension of the intervals between the acts; nor can I conceive it absurd or impossible, that he who can multiply three hours into twelve or twenty-four, might image with equal ease a greater number.

I know not whether he that professes to regard no other laws than those of nature, will not be inclined to receive tragi-comedy to his protection, whom, however generally condemned, her own lurels have hitherto shaded from the fulmination of criticism. For what is there in the mingled drama, which impartial reason can condemn? The connection of important with trivial incidents, since it is not only common but perpetual in the world, may surely be allowed upon the stage, which pretends only to be the mirrour of life. The impropriety of suppressing passions before we have raised them to the intended agitation, and of diverting the expectation from an event which we keep suspended only to raise it, may be speciously urged. But will not experience shew this objection to be rather subtle that just? *It is not certain* that the tragick and comick affections *have been* moved alternately with equal force

that no plays have oftener filled the eye with tears, and the breast with palpitation, than those which are variegated with interludes of mirth?

I do not however think it safe to judge of works of genius merely by the event. The resistless vicissitudes of the heart, this alternate prevalence of merriment and solemnity, may sometimes be more properly ascribed to the vigour of the writer than the justness of the design: and instead of vindicating tragi-comedy by the success of Shakespeare, we ought perhaps to pay new honours to that transcendant and unbounded genius that could preside over the passions in sport; who, to actuate the affections, needed not the slow gradation of common means, but could fill the heart with instantaneous jollity or sorrow, and vary our disposition as he changed his scenes. Perhaps the effects even of Shakespeare's poetry might have been yet greater, had he not counteracted himself; and we might have been more interested in the distresses of his heroes, had we not been so frequently diverted by the jokes of his buffoons.

There are other rules more fixed and obligatory. It is necessary that of every play the chief action should be single; for since a play represents some transaction, through its regular maturation to its final event, two actions equally important must evidently constitute two plays.

As the design of tragedy is to instruct by moving the passions, it must always have a hero, a personage apparently and incontestably superior to the rest, upon whom the attention may be fixed and the anxiety suspended. For though of two persons *opposing each other* with equal abilities and equal

virtue, the auditor will inevitably in time choose his favourite, yet as that choice must be without any cogency of conviction, the hopes or fears which it raises will be faint and languid. Of two heroes acting in confederacy against a common enemy, the virtues or dangers will give little emotion, because each claims our concern with the same right, and the heart lies at rest between equal motives.

It ought to be the first endeavour of a writer to distinguish nature from custom; or that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of beauties within his view, by a needless fear of breaking rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact.

N° 157. TUESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1751.

——Οι αἰδως
Γιγνεται, ἡ ανδρας μεγα σινεται ἠδ' ονινησιν.
HOM.

Shame greatly hurts or greatly helps mankind.
ELPH.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH one of your correspondents has presumed to mention with some contempt the presence of attention and easiness of addr

which the polite have long agreed to celebrate and esteem, yet I cannot be persuaded to think them unworthy of regard or cultivation; but am inclined to believe that, as we seldom value rightly what we have never known the misery of wanting, his judgment has been vitiated by his happiness; and that a natural exuberance of assurance has hindered him from discovering its excellence and use.

This felicity, whether bestowed by constitution, or obtained by early habitudes, I can scarcely contemplate without envy. I was bred under a man of learning in the country, who inculcated nothing but the dignity of knowledge and the happiness of virtue. By frequency of admonition and confidence of assertion, he prevailed upon me to believe, that the splendour of literature would always attract reverence, if not darkened by corruption. I therefore pursued my studies with incessant industry, and avoided every thing which I had been taught to consider as vicious or tending to vice, because I regarded guilt and reproach as inseparably united, and thought a tainted reputation the greatest calamity.

At the university, I found no reason for changing my opinion; for though many among my fellow-students took the opportunity of a more remiss discipline to gratify their passions; yet virtue preserved her natural superiority, and those who ventured to neglect were not suffered to insult her. The ambition of petty accomplishments found its way into the receptacles of learning, but was observed to seize commonly on those who either neglected the sciences or could not attain them; and I *was therefore confirmed* in the doctrines of my old

master, and thought nothing worthy of my care but the means of gaining or imparting knowledge.

This purity of manners, and intenseness of application, soon extended my renown, and I was applauded by those, whose opinion I then thought unlikely to deceive me, as a young man that gave uncommon hopes of future eminence. My performances in time reached my native province, and my relations congratulated themselves upon the new honours that were added to their family.

I returned home covered with academical laurels, and fraught with criticism and philosophy. The wit and the scholar excited curiosity, and my acquaintance was solicited by innumerable invitations. To please will always be the wish of benevolence, to be admired must be the constant aim of ambition; and I therefore considered myself as about to receive the reward of my honest labours, and to find the efficacy of learning and of virtue.

The third day after my arrival, I dined at the house of a gentleman who had summoned a multitude of his friends to the annual celebration of his wedding-day. I set forward with great exultation, and thought myself happy that I had an opportunity of displaying my knowledge to so numerous an assembly. I felt no sense of my own insufficiency, till going up stairs to the dining room, I heard the mingled roar of obstreperous merriment. I was however disgusted rather than terrified, and went forward without dejection. The whole company rose at my entrance; but when I saw so many eyes fixed at once upon me, I was blasted with a sudden imbecility, I was quelled by some *nameless power which* I found impossible to be re-

sisted. My sight was dazzled, my cheeks glowed, my perceptions were confounded; I was harassed by the multitude of eager salutations, and returned the common civilities with hesitation and importunity. The sense of my own blunders increasing my confusion, and before the exchange of ceremonies allowed me to sit down, I was ready to sink under the oppression of surprize; my voice grew weak, and my knees trembled.

The assembly then resumed their places, and I sat with my eyes fixed upon the ground. To the questions of curiosity, or the appeals of complaisance, I could seldom answer but with negative monosyllables, or professions of ignorance; for the subjects on which they conversed were such as are seldom discussed in books, and were therefore out of my range of knowledge. At length an old clergyman, who rightly conjectured the reason of my conciseness, relieved me by some questions about the present state of natural knowledge, and engaged me, by an appearance of doubt and opposition, in the explication and defence of the Newtonian philosophy.

The consciousness of my own abilities roused me from depression, and long familiarity with my subject enabled me to discourse with ease and volubility; but however I might please myself, I found very little added by my demonstrations to the satisfaction of the company, and my antagonist who knew the laws of conversation too well to detain their attention long upon an unpleasing topick, after he had commended my accuteness and comprehension, dismissed the controversy, and resigned me *to my former insig*nificance and perplexity.

After dinner, I received from the ladies, who had heard that I was a wit, an invitation to the tea table. I congratulated myself upon an opportunity to escape from the company, whose gaiety began to be tumultuous, and among whom several hints had been dropped of the uselessness of universities, the folly of book-learning, and the awkwardness of scholars. To the ladies therefore I flew, as to a refuge from clamour, insult, and rusticity; but found my heart sink as I approached their apartment, and was again disconcerted by the ceremonies of entrance, and confounded by the necessity of encountering so many eyes at once.

When I sat down I considered that something pretty was always said to ladies, and resolved to recover my credit by some elegant observation or graceful compliment. I applied myself to the recollection of all that I had read or heard in praise of beauty, and endeavoured to accommodate some classical compliment to the present occasion. I sunk into profound meditation, revolved the characters of the heroines of old, considered whatever the poets have sung in their praise, and after having borrowed and invented, chosen and rejected a thousand sentiments, which, if I had uttered them, would not have been understood, I was awakened from my dream of learned gallantry, by the servant who distributed the tea.

There are not many situations more incessantly uneasy than that in which the man is placed who is watching an opportunity to speak, without courage to take it when it is offered, and who, though he resolves to give a specimen of his abilities, always finds some reason or other for delaying

it to the next minute. I was ashamed of silence, yet could find nothing to say of elegance or importance equal to my wishes. The ladies, afraid of my learning, thought themselves not qualified to propose any subject of prattle to a man so famous for dispute, and there was nothing on either side but impatience and vexation.

In this conflict of shame, as I was reassembling my scattered sentiments, and, resolving to force my imagination to some sprightly sally, had just found a very happy compliment, by too much attention to my own meditations, I suffered the saucer to drop from my hand. The cup was broken, the lap-dog was scalded, a brocaded petticoat was stained, and the whole assembly was thrown into disorder. I now considered all hopes of reputation as at an end, and while they were consoling and assisting one another, stole away in silence.

The misadventures of this unhappy day are not at an end; I am afraid of meeting the meanest of them that triumphed over me in this state of stupidity and contempt, and feel the same terrors encroaching upon my heart at the sight of those who have once impressed them. Shame, above any other passion, propagates itself. Before those who have seen me confused, I can never appear without new confusion, and the remembrance of the weakness which I formerly discovered, hinders me from acting or speaking with my natural force.

But is this misery, Mr. Rambler, never to cease? have I spent my life in study only to become the sport of the ignorant, and debarred myself from all *the common enjoyments* of youth to collect ideas

which must sleep in silence, and form opini
which I must not divulge? Inform me, dear S
by what means I may rescue my faculties fr
these shackles of cowardice, how I may rise t
level with my fellow-beings, recal myself from t
languor of involuntary subjection to the free ex
tion of my intellects, and add to the power of r
soning the liberty of speech.

I am, SIR, &c.

VERECUNDULI

N° 158. SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 175

Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.
HOR.

——Critics yet contend,
And of their vain disputings find no end.
FRANCIS.

CRITICISM, though dignified from the earli
ages by the labours of men eminent for kno
ledge and sagacity, and, since the revival
polite literature, the favourite study of Europe
scholars, has not yet attained the certainty a
stability of science. The rules hitherto receiv
are seldom drawn from any settled principle or
evident postulate, or adapted to the natural
invariable constitution of things; but will be fou
upon examination the arbitrary edicts of legi
tors, authorised only by themselves, who, ou

various means by which the same end may be attained, selected such as happened to occur to their own reflection, and then, by a law which idleness and timidity were too willing to obey, prohibited new experiments of wit, restrained fancy from the indulgence of her innate inclination to hazard and adventure, and condemned all future flights of genius to pursue the path of the Mæonian eagle.

This authority may be more justly opposed, as it is apparently derived from them whom they endeavour to control; for we owe few of the rules of writing to the acuteness of criticks, who have generally no other merit than that, having read the works of great authors with attention, they have observed the arragement of their matter, or the graces of their expression, and then expected honour and reverence for precepts which they never could have invented; so that practice has introduced rules, rather than rules have directed practice.

For this reason the laws of every species of writing have been settled by the ideas of him who first raised it to reputation, without inquiry whether his performances were not yet susceptible of improvement. The excellencies and faults of celebrated writers have been equally recommended to posterity; and so far has blind reverence prevailed, that even the number of their books has been thought worthy of imitation.

The imagination of the first authors of lyrick poetry was vehement and rapid, and their knowledge various and extensive. Living in an age when science had been little cultivated, and when the *minds of their auditors*, not being accustomed

to accurate inspection, were easily dazzled by g
ing ideas, they applied themselves to instruct ra
by short sentences and striking thoughts, thar
regular argumentation; and finding atten
more successfully excited by sudden sallies and
expected exclamations, than by the more ar
and placid beauties of methodical deduction; t
loosed their genius to its own course, passed f
one sentiment to another without expressing
intermediate ideas, and roved at large over
ideal world with such lightness and agility, t
their foot-steps are scarcely to be traced.

From this accidental peculiarity of the anc
writers, the criticks deduce the rules of ly
poetry, which they have set free from all the l
by which other compositions are confined, and
low to neglect the niceties of transition, to s
into remote digressions, and to wander without
straint from one scene of imagery to another.

A writer of later times has, by the vivacity
his essays, reconciled mankind to the same lic
tiousness in short dissertations; and he theref
who wants skill to form a plan, or diligence
pursue it, needs only entitle his performance
essay; to acquire the right of heaping toget
the collections of half his life, without order,
herence, or propriety.

In writing, as in life, faults are endured w
out disgust when they are associated with tr
cendant merit, and may be sometimes recomme
ed to weak judgments by the lustre which t
obtain from their union with excellence; but
the business of those who presume to superint
the taste or morals of mankind, to separate d

tive combinations, and distinguish that which may be praised from that which can only be excused. As vices never promote happiness, though, when overpowered by more active and more numerous virtues, they cannot totally destroy it; so confusion and irregularity produce no beauty, though they cannot always obstruct the brightness of genius and learning. To proceed from one truth to another, and connect distant propositions by regular consequences, is the great prerogative of man. Independent and unconnected sentiments flashing upon the mind in quick succession, may, for a time, delight by their novelty; but they differ from systematical reasoning, as single notes from harmony, as glances of lightning from the radiance of the sun.

When rules are thus drawn, rather from precedents than reason, there is danger not only from the faults of an author, but from the errors of those who criticise his works; since they may often mislead their pupils by false representations, as the Ciceronians of the sixteenth century were betrayed into barbarisms by corrupt copies of their darling writer.

It is established at present, that the proemial lines of a poem, in which the general subject is proposed, must be void of glitter and embellishment. "The first lines of PARADISE LOST," says Addison, "are perhaps as plain, simple, and una-"dorned, as any of the whole poem; in which "particular the author has conformed himself to "the example of Homer, and the precept of "Horace."

This observation seems to have been made b[illegible] implicit adoption of the common opinion, with[illegible] consideration either of the precept or exam[illegible] Had Horace been consulted, he would have b[illegible] found to direct only what should be comprised[illegible] the proposition, not how it should be expressed, [illegible] to have commended Homer in opposition to [illegible] meaner poet, not for the gradual elevation of [illegible] diction, but the judicious expansion of his pla[illegible] for displaying unpromised events, not for produc-ing unexpected elegancies.

——Speciosa debinc miracula promit,
Antiphaten Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdim.

But from a cloud of smoke he breaks to light,
And pours his specious miracles to sight;
Antiphates his hideous feasts devours,
Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.

FRANCIS.

If the exordial verses of Homer be compared with the rest of the poem, they will not appear remarkable for plainness or simplicity, but rather eminently adorned and illuminated.

Ανδρά μοι ἔννεπε Μοῦσα πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ
Πλαγχθη, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πτολίεθρον ἔπερσε·
Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα, καὶ νόον ἔγνω
Πολλὰ δ' ὅγ' ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἄλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμόν,
Ἀρνύμενος ἥν τε Ψυχὴν καὶ νόστον ἑταίρων·
Ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὡς ἑτάρους ἐρρύσατο ἱέμενός περ·
Αὐτῶν γὰρ σφετέρῃσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο,
Νήπιοι οἱ κατὰ βοῦς ὑπερίονος ἠελίοιο
Ἤσθιον· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσιν ἀφείλετο νόστιμον ἦμαρ.
Τῶν ἁμόθεν γε, θεὰ, θύγατερ Διὸς, εἰπὲ καὶ ἡμῖν.

man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
; exercis'd in woes, O muse! resound.
, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
cred Troy, and raz'd her heav'n built wall,
d'ring from clime to clime observant stray'd,
r manners noted, and their states survey'd,
tormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
with his friends to gain his natal shore;
toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
erds devoted to the god of day!
god vindictive doom'd them never more
men unbless'd) to touch that natal shore.
atch some portion of these acts from fate,
ıtial muse! and to our world relate.

POPE.

irst verses of the Iliad are in like manner
arly splendid, and the proposition of the
loses with a dignity and magnificence not
be found even in the poetry of Virgil.
ntent of the introduction is to raise expec-
ınd suspend it; something therefore must
vered, and something concealed; and the
ıile the fertility of his invention is yet un-
may properly recommend himself by the
his language.
ıat reveals too much, or promises too lit-
hat never irritates the intellectual appetite,
immediately satiates it, equally defeats his
pose. It is necessary to the pleasure of
er, that the events should not be antici-
ınd how then can his attention be invited,
grandeur of expression?

N° 159. TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1751.

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.

HOR.

The pow'r of words, and soothing sounds, appease
The raging pain, and lessen the disease.

FRANCIS.

THE imbecility with which Verecundulus co plains that the presence of a numerous assem freezes his faculties, is particularly incident to studious part of mankind whose education nec sarily secludes them in their earlier years fr mingled converse, till at their dismission fr schools and academies they plunge at once into tumult of the world, and coming forth from gloom of solitude are overpowered by the blaze publick life.

It is perhaps kindly provided by nature, th as the feathers and strength of a bird grow to ther, and her wings are not completed till she is a to fly, so some proportion should be preserved the human kind between judgment and courag the precipitation of inexperience is therefore strained by shame, and we remain shackled by midity, till we have learned to speak and act w propriety.

I believe few can review the days of their you *without recollecting* temptations, which shame,

ther than virtue, enabled them to resist; and opinions which, however erroneous in their principles and dangerous in their consequences, they have panted to advance at the hazard of contempt and hatred, when they found themselves irresistibly depressed by a languid anxiety, which seized them at the moment of utterance, and still gathered strength from their endeavours to resist it.

It generally happens that assurance keeps an even pace with ability, and the fear of miscarriage which hinders our first attempts is gradually dissipated as our skill advances towards certainty of success. That bashfulness therefore which prevents disgrace, that short and temporary shame, which secures us from the danger of lasting reproach, cannot be properly counted among our misfortunes.

Bashfulness, however it may incommode for a moment, scarcely ever produces evils of long continuance; it may flush the cheek, flutter in the heart, deject the eyes, and enchain the tongue; but its mischiefs soon pass off without remembrance. It may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.

It is observed somewhere, that "few have repented of having forborne to speak."

To excite opposition, and inflame malevolence, is the unhappy privilege of courage made arrogant by consciousness of strength No man finds in himself any inclination to attack or oppose him who confesses his superiority by blushing in his presence. Qualities exerted with apparent fearfulness receive applause from every voice, and support from every hand. Diffidence may check resolu-

tion and obstruct performance, but compensates it embarassments by more important advantages; i conciliates the proud, and softens the severe, avert envy from excellence, and censure from miscar riage.

It may indeed happen that knowledge and vir tue remain too long congealed by this frigorific power, as the principles of vegetation are some times obstructed by lingering frosts. He that en ters late into a publick station, though with all th abilities requisite to the discharge of his duty, wil find his powers at first impeded by a timidity which he himself knows to be vicious, and mus struggle long against dejection and reluctance, be fore he obtains the full command of his own at tention, and adds the gracefulness of ease to th dignity of merit.

For this disease of the mind I know not whe ther any remedies of much efficacy can be found To advise a man unaccustomed to the eyes of mul titudes to mount a tribunal without perturbation to tell him whose life has passed in the shades o contemplation, that he must not be disconcerted o perplexed in receiving and returning the compli ments of a splendid assembly, is to advise an in habitant of Brasil or Sumatra not to shiver at an English winter, or him who has always lived upon a plain to look from a precipice without emotion It is to suppose custom instantaneously control lable by reason, and to endeavour to communicate by precept that which only time and habit can bestow.

He that hopes by philosophy and contemplation *alone to fortify himself* against that awe which all

at their first appearance on the stage of life, must feel from the spectators, will, at the hour of need, be mocked by his resolution; and I doubt whether the preservatives which Plato relates Alcibiades to have received from Socrates, when he was about to speak in publick, proved sufficient to secure him from the powerful fascination.

Yet as the effects of time may by art and industry be accelerated or retarded, it cannot be improper to consider how this troublesome instinct may be opposed when it exceeds its just proportion, and instead of repressing petulance and temerity, silences eloquence and debilitates force; since, though it cannot be hoped that anxiety should be immediately dissipated, it may be at least somewhat abated; and the passions will operate with less violence, when reason rises against them, than while she either slumbers in neutrality, or, mistaking her interest, lends them her assistance.

No cause more frequently produces bashfulness than too high an opinion of our own importance. He that imagines an assembly filled with his merit, panting with expectation, and hushed with attention, easily terrifies himself with the dread of disappointing them, and strains his imagination in pursuit of something that may vindicate the veracity of fame, and shew that his reputation was not gained by chance. He considers, that what he shall say or do will never be forgotten; that renown or infamy are suspended upon every syllable, and that nothing ought to fall from him which will not bear the test of time. Under such solicitude, who can wonder that the mind is overwhelmed, and

by struggling with attempts above her strengt
quickly sinks into languishment and despondenc

The most useful medicines are often unpleasi
to the taste. Those who are oppressed by th
own reputation, will perhaps not be comforted
hearing that their cares are unnecessary. But t
truth is, that no man is much regarded by the re
of the world. He that considers how little
dwells upon the condition of others, will learn hc
little the attention of others is attracted by himse
While we see multitudes passing before us,
whom perhaps not one appears to deserve our n
tice or excite our sympathy, we should remembe
that we likewise are lost in the same throng; th
the eye which happens to glance upon us is turn
in a moment on him that follows us, and that t
utmost which we can reasonably hope or fear,
to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotte

N° 160. SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1751.

——*Inter se convenit ursis.*

JUV.

Beasts of each kind their fellows spare;
Bear lives in amity with bear.

"THE world," says Locke, "has people of
"sorts." As in the general hurry produc
by the superfluities of some, and the necessiti
of others, no man needs to stand still for want

employment; so in the innumerable gradations of ability, and endless varieties of study and inclination, no employment can be vacant for want of a man qualified to discharge it.

Such is probably the natural state of the universe, but it is so much deformed by interest and passion, that the benefit of this adaptation of men to things is not always perceived. The folly or indigence of those who set their services to sale, inclines them to boast of qualifications which they do not possess, and attempt business which they do not understand; and they who have the power of assigning to others the task of life, are seldom honest, or seldom happy, in their nominations. Patrons are corrupted by avarice, cheated by credulity, or overpowered by resistless solicitation. They are sometimes too strongly influenced by honest prejudices of friendship, or the prevalence of virtuous compassion. For whatever cool reason may direct, it is not easy for a man of tender and scrupulous goodness to overlook the immediate effect of his own actions, by turning his eyes upon remoter consequences, and to do that which must give present pain, for the sake of obviating evil yet unfelt, or securing advantage in time to come. What is distant is in itself obscure, and, when we have no wish to see it, easily escapes our notice, or takes such a form as desire or imagination bestows upon it.

Every man might for the same reason, in the multitudes that swarm about him, find some kindred mind with which he could unite in confidence and friendship; yet we see many straggling single about *the world*, unhappy for want of an associate,

and pining with the necessity of confining the sentiments to their own bosoms.

This inconvenience arises in like manner fro struggles of the will against the understanding. is not often difficult to find a suitable companio if every man would be content with such as he qualified to please. But if vanity tempts him t forsake his rank, and post himself among tho with whom no common interest or mutual pleasu can ever unite him, he must always live in a stat of unsocial separation, without tenderness an without trust.

There are many natures which can never ap proach within a certan distance, and which, whe any irregular motive impels them towards contact seem to start back from each other by some invin cible repulsion. There are others which imme diately cohere whenever they come into the reac of mutual attraction, and with very little forma lity of preparation, mingle intimately as soon a they meet. Every man, whom either business o curiosity has thrown at large into the world, wil recollect many instances of fondness and dislike which have forced themselves upon him withou the intervention of his judgment; of disposition to court some and avoid others, when he coul assign no reason for the preference, or none ade quate to the violence of his passions; of influenc that acted instantaneously upon his mind, an which no arguments or persuasions could eve overcome.

Among those with whom time and intercours have made us familiar, we feel our affections di *vided in different* proportions without much regar

to moral or intellectual merit. Every man knows some whom he cannot induce himself to trust, though he has no reason to suspect that they would betray him; those to whom he cannot complain, though he never observed them to want compassion; those in whose presence he never can be gay, though excited by invitations to mirth and freedom; and those from whom he cannot be content to receive instruction, though they never insulted his ignorance by contempt or ostentation.

That much regard is to be had to those instincts of kindness and dislike, or that reason should blindly follow them, I am far from intending to inculcate. It is very certain that by indulgence we may give them strength which they have not from nature; and almost every example of ingratitude and treachery proves, that by obeying them we may commit our happiness to those who are very unworthy of so great a trust. But it may deserve to be remarked, that since few contend much with their inclinations, it is generally vain to solicit the good-will of those whom we perceive thus involuntarily alienated from us; neither knowledge nor virtue will reconcile antipathy; and though officiousness may for a time be admitted, and diligence applauded, they will at last be dismissed with coldness, or discouraged by neglect.

Some have indeed an occult power of stealing upon the affections, of exciting universal benevolence, and disposing every heart to fondness and friendship. But this is a felicity granted only to the favourites of nature. The greater part of mankind find a different reception from different dispositions; they sometimes obtain unexpected caresses

from those whom they never flattered with uncommon regard, and sometimes exhaust all their arts of pleasing without effect. To these it is necessary to look round and attempt every breast in which they find virtue sufficient for the foundation of friendship; to enter into the crowd, and try whom chance will offer to their notice, till they fix on some temper congenial to their own, as the magnet rolled in the dust collects the fragments of its kindred metal from a thousand particles of other substances.

Every man must have remarked the facility with which the kindness of others is sometimes gained by those to whom he never could have imparted his own. We are by our occupations, education, and habits of life, divided almost into different species, which regard one another for the most part with scorn and malignity. Each of these classes of the human race has desires, fears, and conversation, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itself; cares which another cannot feel; pleasures which he cannot partake; and modes of expressing every sensation which he cannot understand. That frolick which shakes one man with laughter, will convulse another with indignation; the strain of jocularity which in one place obtains treats and patronage, would in another be heard with indifference, and in a third with abhorrence.

To raise esteem we must benefit others, to procure love we must please them. Aristotle observes, that old men do not readily form friendships, because they are not easily susceptible of pleasure. He that can contribute to the hilarity of the vacant hour, or partake with equal gust the favourite

amusement, he whose mind is employed on the same objects, and who therefore never harasses the understanding with unaccustomed ideas, will be welcomed with ardour, and left with regret, unless he destroys those recommendations by faults with which peace and security cannot consist.

It were happy if, in forming friendships, virtue could concur with pleasure; but the greatest part of human gratifications approach so nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid disingenuous compliances; yet certainly he that suffers himself to be driven or allured from virtue, mistakes his own interest, since he gains succour by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wise, must scorn him, and for which at leat he must scorn himself.

N°161. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1751

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίηδε καὶ Ἀνδρῶν. Ho
HOM.

Frail as the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays.

MR. RAMBLER.

SIR,

You have formerly observed, that curiosi
often terminates in barren knowledge, and th
the mind is prompted to study and inquiry r
ther by the uneasiness of ignorance, than t
hope of profit. Nothing can be of less impor
ance to any present interest than the fortune
those who have been long lost in the grave, a
from whom nothing now can be hoped or feare
Yet to rouse the zeal of a true antiquary, litt
more is necessary than to mention a name whi
mankind have conspired to forget; he will mak
his way to remote scenes of action through obsc
rity and contradiction, as Tully sought amid
bushes and brambles the tomb of Archimedes.

It is not easy to discover how it concerns hi
that gathers the produce, or receives the rent
an estate, to know through what families the la
has passed, who is registered in the Conqueror
survey as its possessors, how often it has been t

ed by treason, or how often sold by prodiga-
. The power or wealth of the present inha-
ants of a country, cannot be much increased by
inquiry after the names of those barbarians
o destroyed one another twenty centuries ago,
contests for the shelter of woods or convenience
pasturage. Yet we see that no man can be at
: in the enjoyment of a new purchase till he has
ned the history of his grounds from the ancient
abitants of the parish, and that no nation omits
record the actions of their ancestors, however
ody, savage, and rapacious.

The same disposition, as different opportunities
it forth, discovers itself in great or little things.
ave always thought it unworthy of a wise man
lumber in total inactivity, only because he hap-
s to have no employment equal to his ambition
genius; it is therefore my custom to apply my
ntion to the objects before me, and as I cannot
k any place wholly unworthy of notice that
rds a habitation to a man of letters, I have
lected the history and antiquities of the several
rets in which I have resided.

Quantulacunque estis, vos ego magna voca.

How small to others, but how great to me!

Many of these narratives my industry has been
e to extend to a considerable length; but the
man with whom I now lodge has lived only
hteen months in the house, and can give no
ount of its ancient revolutions; the plaisterer
ing, at her entrance, obliterated, by his white-

wash, all the smoky memorials which former tenants had left upon the ceiling, and perhaps drawn the veil of oblivion over politicians, philosophers, and poets.

When I first cheapened my lodgings, the landlady told me, that she hoped I was not an author, for the lodgers on the first floor had stipulated that the upper rooms should not be occupied by a noisy trade. I very readily promised to give no disturbance to her family, and soon dispatched a bargain on the usual terms.

I had not slept many nights in my new apartment before I began to inquire after my predecessors, and found my landlady, whose imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure. Before she began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and discoveries, of elegance in disguise, and learning in distress; and was somewhat mortified when I heard that the first tenant was a tailor, of whom nothing was remembered, but that he complained of his room for want of light; and, after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a piece of cloath which he was trusted to cut out, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived from the country who lived for five weeks with great regularity, and became by frequent treats very much the favourite of the family, but at last received visits so frequently from a cousin in Cheapside, that she brought the reputation of the house

anger, and was therefore dismissed with idvice.

: room then stood empty for a fortnight; idlady began to think that she had judged , and often wished for such another lodger. it an elderly man of a grave aspect read the nd bargained for the room at the very first :hat was asked. He lived in close retire- seldom went out till evening, and then re- early, sometimes cheerful, and at other lejected. It was remarkable, that whatever rchased, he never had small money in his :; and though cool and temperate on other)ns, was always vehement and stormy till he 'd his change. He paid his rent with great ess, and seldom failed once a week to requite idlady's civility with a supper. At last, ; the fate of human felicity, the house was d at midnight by the constable, who de- l to search the garrets. My landlady as- him that he had mistaken the door, con- him up stairs, where he found the tools of r; but the tenant had crawled along the an empty house, and escaped, much to the my landlady; who declares him a very ho- ian, and wonders why any body should be l for making money when such numbers are it of it. She however confesses, that she r the future always question the character e who take her garret without beating down ce.

bill was then placed again in the window, : poor woman was teazed for seven weeks *umerable* passengers, who obliged her to

climb with them every hour up five storeys, and then disliked the prospect, hated the noise of a publick street, thought the stairs narrow, objected to a low ceiling, required the walls to be hung with fresh paper, asked questions about the neighbourhood, could not think of living so far from their acquaintance, wished the windows had looked to the south rather than the west, told how the door and chimney might have been better disposed, bid her half the price that she asked, or promised to give her earnest the next day, and came no more.

At last, a short meagre man, in a tarnished waistcoat, desired to see the garret; and when he had stipulated for two long shelves, and a larger table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great satisfaction, and repeated some words which the woman did not understand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took possession of his room, and lived very inoffensively, except that he frequently disturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unseasonable noises. He was generally in bed at noon, but from evening to midnight he sometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, sometimes stamped as in a rage, sometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then sat down in deep thought, and again burst out into loud vociferations; sometimes he would sigh as oppressed with misery, and sometimes shake with convulsive laughter. When he encountered any of the family, he gave way or bowed, but rarely spoke, except that as he went *up stairs he* often repeated,

——'Οι ὑπέρτατα δώματα νάιει.

This habitant th' aerial regions boast,

hard words, to which his neighbours listened so often, that they learned them without understanding them. What was his employment she did not venture to ask him, but at last heard a printer's boy inquire for the author.

My landlady, was very often advised to beware of this strange man, who, though he was quiet for the present, might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months; but as she was punctually paid, she could not find any sufficient reason for dismissing him, till one night he convinced her, by setting fire to his curtains, that it was not safe to have an author for her inmate.

She had then for six weeks a succession of tenants, who left the house on Saturday, and instead of paying their rent, stormed at their landlady. At last she took in two sisters, one of whom had spent her little fortune in procuring remedies for a lingering disease, and was now supported and attended by the other; she climbed with difficulty to the apartment, where she languished eight weeks without impatience or lamentation, except for the expence and fatigue which her sister suffered, and then calmly and contentedly expired. The sister followed her to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away the tears of useless sorrow, and returning to the business of common life, resigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, are the changes which have

happened in the narrow space where my present fortune has fixed my residence. So true it is, that amusement and instruction are always at hand for those who have skill and willingness to find them; and so just is the observation of Juvenal, that a single house will shew whatever is done or suffered in the world.

I am, SIR, &c.

N° 162. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1751.

Orbus es, & locuples, & Bruto consule natus,
Esse tibi veras credis amicitias?
Sunt veræ; sed quas juvenis, quas pauper habebas,
Quis novus est, mortem diligit ille tuam.

MART.

What! old, and rich, and childless too,
And yet believe your friends are true?
Truth might perhaps to those belong,
To those who lov'd you poor and young;
But, trust me, for the new you have,
They'll love you dearly—in your grave.

F. LEWIS.

ONE of the complaints uttered by Milton's Samson, in the anguish of blindness, is, that he shall pass his life under the direction of others; that he cannot regulate his conduct by his own *knowledge, but* must lie at the mercy of those who *undertake to* guide him.

There is no state more contrary to the dignity of wisdom than perpetual and unlimited dependance, in which the understanding lies useless, and every motion is received from external impulse. Reason is the great distinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to some degree of association with celestial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in its operations, not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed, is nearly the same.

Such is the weakness of man, that the essence of things is seldom so much regarded as external and accidental appendages. A small variation of trifling circumstances, a slight change of form by an artifical dress, or a casual difference of appearance by a new light and situation, will conciliate affection or excite abhorrence, and determine us to pursue or to avoid. Every man considers a necessity of compliance with any will but his own, as the lowest state of ignominy and meanness; few are so far lost in cowardice or negligence, as not to rouse at the first insult of tyranny, and exert all their force against him who usurps their property, or invades any privilege of speech or action. Yet we see often those who never wanted spirit to repel encroachment or oppose violence, at last, by a gradual relaxation of vigilance, delivering up, without capitulation, the fortress which they defended against assault, and laying down unbidden the weapons which they grasped the harder for every attempt to wrest them from their hands. Men eminent for spirit and wisdom often resign themselves to voluntary pupillage, and suffer their *lives to be modelled* by officious ignorance, and

their choice to be regulated by presumptuous stupidity.

This unresisting acquiescence in the determination of others may be the consequence of application to some study remote from the beaten track of life, some employment which does not allow leisure for sufficient inspection of those petty affairs, by which nature has decreed a great part of our duration to be filled. To a mind thus withdrawn from common objects, it is more eligible to repose on the prudence of another, than to be exposed every moment to slight interruptions. The submission which such confidence requires, is paid without pain, because it implies no confession of inferiority. The business from which we withdraw our cognizance, is not above our abilities, but below our notice. We please our pride with the effects of our influence thus weakly exerted, and fancy ourselves placed in a higher orb, from which we regulate subordinate agents by a slight and distant superintendance. But whatever vanity or abstraction may suggest, no man can safely do that by others which might be done by himself: he that indulges negligence will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that trusts without reserve will at last be deceived.

It is however impossible but that, as the attention tends strongly towards one thing, it must retire from another; and he that omits the care of domestick business, because he is engrossed by inquiries of more importance to mankind, has at least the merit of suffering in a good cause. But there are many who can plead no such extenuation of *their folly*; who shake off the burden of their sta-

hat they may soar with less incumbrance
ghts of knowledge or virtue, but that
loiter at ease and sleep in quiet; and
t for friendship and confidence, not the
ıd the virtuous, but the soft, the civil,
iant.

enness to flattery is the common disgrace
ıg life. When men feel weakness in-
ı them, they naturally desire to rest from
les of contradiction, the fatigue of rea-
ɜ anxiety of circumspection; when they
tormented with pains and diseases, they
to hear any new disturbance, and consi-
osition as an addition to misery, of which
lready more than they can patiently en-
ıus desirous of peace, and thus fearful of
ld man seldom inquires after any other
those whom he caresses, than quickness
ring his desires, activity in supplying his
terity in intercepting complaints before
ach near enough to disturb him, flexibi-
resent humour, submission to hasty petu-
ıttention to wearisome narrations. By
lone many have been able to defeat the
kindred and of merit, and to enrich
with presents and legacies.

ulus inherited a large fortune, and aug-
ɔy the revenues of several lucrative em-
which he discharged with honour and

He was at last wise enough to consider
ɔuld not be devoted wholly to accumula-
:herefore retiring to his estate applied
the education of his children, and the
of domestick happiness.

He passed several years in this pleasing amusement, and saw his care amply recompensed; his daughters were celebrated for modesty and elegance, and his sons for learning, prudence and, spirit. In time the eagerness with which the neighbouring gentlemen courted his alliance, obliged him to resign his daughters to other families; the vivacity and coriosity of his sons hurried them out of rural privacy into the open world, from whence they had not soon an inclination to return. This however he had always hoped; he pleased himself with the success of his schemes, and felt no inconvenience from solitude till an apoplexy deprived him of his wife.

Thrasybulus had now no companion; and the maladies of increasing years have taken from him much of the power of procuring amusement for himself, he thought it necessary to procure some inferior friend who might ease him of his economical solicitudes, and divert him by chearful conversation. All these qualities he soon collected in Vafer, a clerk in one of the offices over which he had formerly presided. Vafer was invited to visit his old patron, and being by his station acquainted with the present modes of life, and by constant practice dextrous in business, entertained him with so many novelties, and so readily disentangled his affairs, that he was desired to resign his clerkship, and accept a liberal salary in the house of Thrasybulus.

Vafer, having always lived in a state of dependance, was well versed in the arts by which favour is obtained, and could without repugnance or hesitation accommodate himself to every caprice, and

nion. He never doubted but to be attempted opposition but to flatter ith the pleasure of a victory. By e found his way into his patron's ig first made himself agreeable, soon ant. His insidious diligence, by ness of age was gratified, engrossed nt of affairs; and his petty offices of casional intercessions, persuaded the der him as their friend and benefac- eat his enforcement of their repre- ard years, and his countenance to batement of rent.

e had now banqueted on flattery, till nger hear the harshness of remon- insipidity of truth. All contrariety nion shocked him like a violation of ght and all recommendation of his af- n inspection was dreaded by him as a ture. His children were alarmed by nes of Vafer; but their complaints their father with impatience, as the piracy against his quiet, and a design im, for their own advantage, to ast hours in perplexity and drudgery. retired with tears in their eyes, but ued his importunities till he found hazarded by his obstinacy. Vafer r all their efforts, and continuing to lf in authority, at the death of his ied an estate, and bade defiance to stice.

N° 163. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1751.

Mitte superba pati fastidia, spemque caducam
Despice; vive tibi, nam moriere tibi.

SENECA.

Bow to no patron's insolence; rely
On no frail hopes, in freedom live and die,

F. LEWIS.

NONE of the cruelties exercised by wealth and power upon indigence and dependance is more mischievous in its consequences, or more frequently practised with wanton negligence, than the encouragement of expectations which are never to be gratified, and the elation and depression of the heart by needless vicissitudes of hope and disappointment.

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments; any enlargement of wishes is therefore equally destructive to happiness with the diminution of possession, and he that teaches another to long for what he never shall obtain, is no less an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of part of his patrimony.

But representations thus refined exhibit no adequate idea of the guilt of pretended friendship; of artifices by which followers are attracted only to decorate the retinue of pomp, and swell the shout of popularity, and to be dismissed with contempt and ignominy, when their leader has succeeded or miscarried, when he is sick of show, and

ise. While a man, infatuated with
s of greatness, wastes his hours and
dance and solicitation, the honest op-
of improving his condition pass by
notice; he neglects to cultivate his
oil, because he expects every moment
in regions of spontaneous fertility, and
sed from his delusion, but by the gripe
hich he cannot resist, and the sense of
annot be remedied.

shment of Tantalus in the infernal re-
a just image of hungry servility, flat-
he approach of advantage, doomed to
it comes into his reach, always within
f felicity, and always sinking back to
ants.

ἐντολον ἱστιῆδον χαλὶπ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα
λίμνη, ἡ δὲ περσίπλαζε γυίοις·
διψάων πιέειν δ' οὐ τύχεν ἔλπεθαι.
ᾧ κῦψει ὁ γέρων πιέειν μενεαίνων,
ἰκὴ ἀχολίσκετ' ἀναβρόχθιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ
ἐνα φάσκεσκ' κατασῆναι δὲ δαίμων.
ὑψιπέτηλα κατασχερῆθεν χίε καρπῶν.
ὰ μᾶλαι, καὶ μηλίαι ἀγλαόκαρπον.
γλυκερεαί, καὶ ἰλᾶκαι τηλεθόωσαι.
ἰδυσι ὁ γέρων ἐπὶ χερσὶ μάσσεθαι
ω ῥιπτάσκε πόδ' νέρθε σκιόεντα.

ays Homer's Ulysses, "the severe pu-
of Tantalus. In a lake whose waters
ed to his lips, he stood burning with
thout the power to drink. Whenever
d his head to the stream, some deity
ed it to be dry, and the dark earth ap-
his feet. Around him lofty trees

" spread their fruits to view; the pear, the pome-
" granate, and the apple, the green olive and the
" luscious fig quivered before him, which, when-
" ever he extended his hand to seize them, were
" snatched by the winds into clouds and ob-
" scurity."

This image of misery was perhaps originally suggested to some poet by the conduct of his patron, by the daily contemplation of splendour whichhe never must partake, by fruitless attempts to catch at interdicted happiness, and by the sudden evanescence of his reward, when he thought his labours almost at an end. To groan with poverty, when all about him was opulence, riot, and superfluity, and to find the favours which he had long been encouraged to hope, and had long endeavoured to deserve, squandered at last on nameless ignorance, was to thirst with water flowing before him, and to see the fruits to which his hunger was hastening, scattered by the wind. Nor can my correspondent, whatever he may have suffered, express with more justness or force the vexations of dependance.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM one of those mortals who have been courted and envied as the favourites of the great. Having often gained the prize of composition at the university, I began to hope that I should obtain the same distinction in every other place, and determined to forsake the profession to which I was destined by my parents, and in which the *interest of* my family would have procured me

tageous settlement. The pride of
it my heart, and when I prepared to
ege, nothing entered my imagination
caresses, and rewards, riches without
ıxury without expence.

delayed my departure for a time, to
rformance by which I was to draw
ce of mankind upon me. When it
l I hurried to London, and considered
: that passed before its publication, as
of neutral existence, and cut off from
ours of happiness and fame. The
last printed and disseminated by a
wandered from one place of concourse
asted from morning to night on the
my own praises, and enjoyed the va-
ıres of criticks, the mistaken candour
, and the impotent malice of my ene-
had read the manuscript, and rectified
es ; others had seen it in a state so im-
they could not forbear to wonder at
ccellence ; some had conversed with
. the coffee-house ; and others gave
:y had lent him money.

ıat no performance is so favourably
)f a writer who suppresses his name,
e resolved to remain concealed, till
m literary reputation is established had
ıffrages too publickly to retract them.
ıy bookseller informed me that Au-
standing patron of merit, had sent
r me, and invited me to his acquaint-

The time which I had long expected was now arrived. I went to Aurantius with a beating heart, for I looked upon an interview as the critical moment of my destiny. I was received with civilities, which my academick rudeness made me unable to repay; but when I had recovered from my confusion, I prosecuted the conversation with such liveliness and propriety, that I confirmed my new friend in his esteem of my abilities, and was dismissed with the utmost ardour of profession and raptures of fondness.

I was soon summoned to dine with Aurantius, who had assembled the most judicious of his friends to partake of the entertainment. Again I exerted my power of sentiment and expression, and again found every eye sparkling with delight, and every tongue silent with attention. I now became familiar at the table of Aurantius, but could never, in his most private or jocund hours, obtain more from him than general declarations of esteem, or endearments of tenderness, which included no particular promise, and therefore conferred no claim. This frigid reserve somewhat disgusted me, and when he complained of three days absence, I took care to inform him with how much importunity of kindness I had been detained by his rival Pollio.

Aurantius now considered his honour as endangered by the desertion of a wit, and lest I should have an inclination to wander, told me that I could never find a friend more constant or zealous than himself; that indeed he had made no promises, because he hoped to surprise me with advancement, but had been silently promoting my interest, and

should continue his good offices, unless he found the kindness of others more desired.

If you, Mr. Rambler, have ever ventured your philosophy within the attraction of greatness, you know the force of such language introduced with a smile of gracious tenderness, and impressed at the conclusion with an air of solemn sincerity. From that instant I gave myself up wholly to Aurantius, and as he immediately resumed his former gaiety, expected every morning a summons to some employment of dignity and profit. One month succeeded another, and in defiance of appearances I still fancied myself nearer to my wishes, and continued to dream of success, and wake to disappointment. At last the failure of my little fortune compelled me to abate the finery which I hitherto thought necesarry to the company with whom I associated, and the rank to which I should be raised. Aurantius, from the moment in which I discovered my poverty, considered me as fully in his power, and afterwards rather permitted my attendance than invited it; thought himself at liberty to refuse my visits, whenever he had other amusements within reach, and often suffered me to wait, without pretending any necessary business. When I was admitted to his table, if any man of rank equal to his own was present, he took occasion to mention my writings, and commend my ingenuity, by which he intended to apologize for the confusion of distinctions, and the improper assortment of his company; and often called upon me to entertain his friends with my productions, as a sportsman delights the squires

of his neighbourhood with the curvets of his horse, or the obedience of his spaniels.

To complete my mortification, it was his practice to impose tasks upon me, by requiring me to write upon such objects as he thought susceptible of ornament and illustration. With these extorted performances he was little satisfied, because he rarely found in them the ideas which his own imagination had suggested, and which he therefore thought more natural than mine.

When the pale of ceremony is broken, rudeness and insult soon enter the breach. He now found that he might safely harass me with vexation, that he had fixed the shackles of patronage upon me, and that I could neither resist him nor escape. At last, in the eighth year of my servitude, when the clamour of creditors was vehement, and my necessity known to be extreme, he offered me a small office, but hinted his expectation that I should marry a young woman with whom he had been acquainted.

I was not so far depressed by my calamities as to comply with his proposal; but knowing that complaints and expostulations would but gratify his insolence, I turned away with that contempt with which I shall never want spirit to treat the wretch who can outgo the guilt of a robber without the temptation of his profit, and who lures the credulous and thoughtless to maintain the show of his levee, and the mirth of his table, at the expence of honour, happiness, and life.

I am, SIR, &c.

LIBERALIS.

№ 164. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1751.

——*Vitium, Gaure, Catonis habes.*

MART.

Gaurus pretends to Cato's fame;
And proves, by Cato's vice, his claim.

DISTINCTION is so pleasing to the pride of man, that a great part of the pain and pleasure of life arises from the gratification or disappointment of an incessant wish for superiority, from the success or miscarrage of secret competitions, from victories and defeats, of which, though they appear to us of great importance, in reality none are conscious except ourselves.

Proportinate to the prevalence of this love of praise is the variety of means by which its attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation; some art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; some quality, good or bad, which discriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be persuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. The ascents of honour, however steep, never appear inaccessible: he that despairs to scale the precipices by which valour and learning have conducted their favourites, discovers some *by-path*, or easier acclivity, which, though it

cannot bring him to the summit, will yet
him to overlook those with whom he is nov
tending for eminence; and we seldom require
to the happiness of the present hour, than t
pass him that stands next before us.

As the greater part of human kind spea
act wholly by imitation, most of those who
to honour and applause, propose to themselves
example which serves as the model of thei
duct and the limit of their hopes. Almost
man, if closely examined, will be found to
enlisted himself under some leader whom he e
to conduct him to renown; to have some h
other, living or dead, in his view, whose cha
he endeavours to assume, and whose perform
he labours to equal.

When the original is well chosen and judic
copied, the imitator often arrives at excel
which he could never have attained without
tion; for few are formed with abilities to di
new possibilities of excellence, and to distir
themselves by means never tried before.

But folly and idleness often contrive to g
pride at a cheaper rate; not the qualities
are most illustrious, but those which are of e
attainment, are selected for imitation; and th
nours and rewards which publick gratitud
paid to the benefactors of mankind, are exp
by wretches who can only imitate them in
vices and defects, or adopt some petty sing
ties, of which those from whom they are borr
were secretly ashamed.

No man rises to such a height as to becom
spicuous, but he is on one side censured by

cerning malice, which reproaches him for his best actions, and slanders his apparent and incontestable excellencies; and idolized on the other by ignorant admiration, which exalts his faults and follies into virtues. It may be observed, that he by whose intimacy his acquaintances imagine themselves dignified, generally diffuses among them his mien aud his habits; and indeed, without more vigilance than is generally applied to the regulation of the minuter parts of behaviour, it is not easy when we converse much with one whose general character excites our veneration, to escape all contagion of his peculiarities, even when we do not deliberately think them worthy of our notice, and when they would have excited laughter or disgust had they not been protected by their alliance to nobler qualities, and accidentally consorted with knowledge or with virtue.

The faults of a man loved or honoured, sometimes steal secretly and imperceptibly upon the wise and virtuous, but by injudicious fondness or thoughtless vanity are adopted with design. There is scarce any failing of mind or body, any error of opinion, or depravity of practice, which, instead of producing shame and discontent, its natural effects, has not at one time or other gladdened vanity with the hopes of praise, and been displayed with ostentatious industry by those who sought kindred minds among the wits or heroes, and could prove their relation only by similitude of deformity.

In consequence of this perverse ambition, every habit which reason condemns may be indulged and avowed. When a man is upbraided with his faults, he may indeed be pardoned if he endeavours to run

for shelter to some celebrated name; but it is not be suffered, that, from the retreats to which he f from infamy, he should issue again with the co dence of conquest, and call upon mankind for pra Yet we see men that waste their patrimony in luxu destroy their health with debauchery, and enerv their minds with idleness, because there have b some whom luxury never could sink into contem nor idleness hinder from the praise of genius.

This general inclination of mankind to copy c racters in the gross, and the force which the reco mendation of illustrious examples adds to the allu ments of vice, ought to be considered by all wh character excludes them from the shades of secre as incitements to scrupulous caution and univer purity of manners. No man, however enslaved his appetites, or hurried by his passions, can, wl he preserves his intellects unimpaired, please h self with promoting the corruption of others. whose merit has enlarged his influence, would sur wish to exert it for the benefit of mankind. Yet s will be the effect of his reputation, while he suf himself to indulge in any favourite fault, that tl who have no hope to reach his excellence will ca at his failings, and his virtues will be cited to ju fy the copiers of his vices.

It is particularly the duty of those who cons illustrious names to posterity, to take care lest tl readers be misled by ambiguous examples. T writer may be justly condemned as an enemy goodness, who suffers fondness or interest to c found right with wrong, or to shelter the fa which even the wisest and best have commit *from that ignominy which guilt ought alway*

', and with which it should be more deeply
iatized when dignified by its neighbourhood
icommon worth, since we shall be in danger
olding it without abhorrence, unless its tur-
le be laid open, and the eye secured from the
ption of surrounding splendour.

65. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1751.

Ην νεός, αλλα πενης ; νυν γηρων πλουσιος ειμι.
Ω μονος εν παντων αυτος εν αμφοτερους,
Ους εστι μεν χρησθαι δυναμην, ουκ εστ' ουδ' εν αιχυη.
Νυν δ' εστι χρησθαι μη δυναμαι, ουκ' εχω.

ANTIPHILUS.

Young was I once and poor, now rich and old;
A harder case than mine was never told;
Blest with the pow'r to use them—I had none;
Loaded with *riches* now, the pow'r is gone.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

R,

s writers who had undertaken the unpro-
ng task of moderating desire, exert all the
er of their eloquence, to shew that happi-
is not the lot of man, and have, by many ar-
ents and examples, proved the instability of
y condition by which envy or ambition are ex-
l. They have set before our eyes all the cala-
es to which we are exposed from the frailty of
re, the influence of accident, or the stratagems
alice; *they have* terrified greatness with con-

spiracies, and riches with anxieties, wit with criticism, and beauty with disease.

All the force of reason, and all the charms of language, are indeed necessary to support positions which every man hears with a wish to confute them. Truth finds an easy entrance into the mind when she is introduced by desire; and attended by pleasure; but when she intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear and sorrow in her train, the passes of the intellect are barred against her by prejudice and passion; if she sometimes forces her way by the batteries of argument, she seldom long keeps possession of her conquests, but is ejected by some favoured enemy, or at best obtains only a nominal sovereignty, without influence and without authority.

That life is short we are all convinced, and yet suffer not that conviction to repress our projects or limit our expectations; that life is miserable we all feel, and yet we believe that the time is near when we shall feel it no longer. But to hope happiness and immortality is equally vain. Our state may indeed be more or less imbittered, as our duration may be more or less contracted; yet the utmost felicity which we can ever attain will be little better than alleviation of misery, and we shall always feel more pain from our wants than pleasure from our enjoyments. The incident which I am going to relate will shew, that to destroy the effect of all our success, it is not necessary that any single calamity should fall upon us, that we should be harassed by implacable persecution, or excruciated by irremediable pains; the brightest hours *of prosperity* have their clouds, and the stream of

life, if it is not ruffled by obstructions, will grow putrid by stagnation.

My father resolving not to imitate the folly of his ancestors, who had hitherto left the younger sons encumbrances on the eldest, destined me to a lucrative profession; and I being careful to lose no opportunity of improvement, was, at the usual time in which young men enter the world, well qualified for the exercise of the business which I had chosen.

My eagerness to disinguish myself in publick, and my impatience of the narrow scheme of life to which my indigence confined me, did not suffer me to continue long in the town where I was born. I went away as from a place of confinement, with a resolution to return no more till I should be able to dazzle with my splendour those who now looked upon me with contempt, to reward those who had paid honours to my dawning merit, and to shew all who had suffered me to glide by them unknown and neglected, how much they mistook their interest in omitting to propitiate a genius like mine.

Such were my intentions when I sallied forth into the unknown world, in quest of riches and honours, which I expected to procure in a very short time; for what could withhold them from industry and knowledge? He that indulges hope will always be disappointed. Reputation I very soon obtained; but as merit is much more cheaply acknowledged than rewarded, I did not find myself yet enriched in proportion to my celebrity.

I had however in time surmounted the obstacles by which envy and competition obstruct the first

attempts of a new claimant, and saw my opponen and censurers tacitly confessing their despair of su cess, by courting my friendship and yielding my influence. They who once pursued me, we now satisfied to escape from me; and they wl had before thought me presumptuous in hoping overtake them, had now their utmost wish, if th were permitted at no great distance quietly to fc low me.

My wants were not madly multiplied as my a quisitions increased, and the time came at lengt when I thought myself enabled to gratify all re sonable desires, and when, therefore, I resolved enjoy that plenty and serenity which I had be hitherto labouring to procure, to enjoy them whi I was yet neither crushed by age into infirmit nor so habituated to a particular manner of life to be unqualified for new studies or entertainment

I now quitted my profession, and to set myse at once free from all importunities to resume i changed my residence, and devoted the remainir part of my time to quiet and amusement. Amid innumerable projects of pleasure which restless idl ness incited me to form, and of which most, wh they came to the moment of execution, were r jected for others of no longer continuance, son accident revived in my imagination the pleasi ideas of my native place. It was now in n power to visit those from whom I had been long absent in such a manner as was consistent wi my former resolution; and I wondered how could happen that I had so long delayed my o happiness.

Full of the admiration which I should excite, a

the homage which I should receive, I dressed my servants in a more ostentatious livery, purchased a magnificent chariot, and resolved to dazzle the inhabitants of the little town with an unexpected blaze of greatness.

While the preparations that vanity required were made for my departure, which, as workmen will not be easily hurried beyond their ordinary rate, I thought very tedious, I solaced my impatience with imagining the various censures that my appearance would produce, the hopes which some would feel from my bounty, the terror which my power would strike on others; the awkward respect with which I should be accosted by timorous officiousness; and the distant reverence with which others, less familiar to splendour and dignity, would be contented to gaze upon me. I deliberated a long time, whether I should immediately descend to a level with my former acquaintances, or make my condeseension more grateful by a gentle transition from haughtiness and reserve. At length I determined to forget some of my companions till they discovered themselves by some indubitable token, and to receive the congratulations of others upon my good fortune with indifference, to shew that I always expected what I had now obtained. The acclamations of the populace I purposed to reward with six hogsheads of ale, and a roasted ox, and then recommend to them to return to their work.

At last all the trappings of grandeur were fitted, and I began the journey of triumph, which I could have wished to have ended in the same moment; *but my horses felt* none of their master's ardour

and I was shaken four days upon rugge
I then entered the town, and having gracic
fall the glasses, that my person might be se
sed slowly through the street. The noise
wheels brought the inhabitants to their doo
I could not perceive that I was known by
At last I alighted, and my name, I suppos
told by my servants, for the barber stept fro
opposite house, and seized me by the hand
honest joy in his countenance, which, acco
to the rule that I had prescribed to myself,
pressed with a frigid graciousness. The fello
stead of sinking into dejection, turned away
contempt, and left me to consider how the se
salutation should be received. The next fi
was better treated, for I soon found that I
purchase by civility that regard which I had
pected to enforce by insolence.

There was yet no smoke of bonfires, no
mony of bells, no shout of crowds, nor riot of
the business of the day went forward as bef
and after having ordered a splendid supper, w
no man came to partake, and which my cha
hindered me from tasting, I went to bed, w
the vexation of disappointment overpowered
fatigue of my journey, and kept me from slee

I rose so much humbled by those mortificati
as to inquire after the present state of the t
and found that I had been absent too long to ob
the triumph which had flattered my expectat
Of the friends whose compliments I expec
some had long ago moved to distant provinces, s
had lost in the maladies of age all sense of anoth
prosperity, and some had forgotten our former

acy amidst care and distresses. Of three whom I had resolved to punish for their former offences by a longer continuance of neglect, one was, by his own industry, raised above my scorn, and two were sheltered from it in the grave. All those whom I loved, feared, or hated, all whose envy or whose kindness I had hopes of contemplating with pleasure, were swept away, and their place was filled by a new generation, with other views and other competitions; and among many proofs of the impotence of wealth, I found that it conferred upon me very few distinctions in my native place.

I am, SIR, &c.

SEROTINUS.

N° 166. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1751.

Pauper eris semper, si pauper es, Æmiliane,
Dantur opes nullis nunc nisi divitibus.

MART.

Once poor, my friend, still poor you must remain,
The rich alone have all the means of gain.

EDW. CAVE.

No complaint has been more frequently repeated in all ages than that of the neglect of merit associated with poverty, and the difficulty with which valuable or pleasing qualities force themselves into view, when they are obscured by indigence. It has been long observed, that native

beauty has little power to charm without the ornaments which fortune bestows, and that to want the favour of others is often sufficient to hinder us from obtaining it.

Every day discovers that mankind are not yet convinced of their error, or that their conviction is without power to influence their conduct; for poverty still continues to produce contempt, and still obstructs the claims of kindred and of virtue. The eye of wealth is elevated towards higher stations, and seldom descends to examine the actions of those who are placed below the level of its notice, and who in distant regions and lower situations are struggling with distress, or toiling for bread. Among the multitudes overwhelmed with insuperable calamity, it is common to find those whom a very little assistance would enable to support themselves with decency, and who yet cannot obtain from near relations what they see hourly lavished in ostentation, luxury, or frolick.

There are natural reasons why poverty does not easily conciliate affection. He that has been confined from his infancy to the conversation of the lowest classes of mankind, must necessarily want those accomplishments which are the usual means of attracting favour; and though truth, fortitude, and probity, give an indisputable right to reverence and kindness, they will not be distinguished by common eyes, unless they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are cast aside like unpolished gems of which none but the artist knows the intrinsick value, till their asperities are smoothed and their incrustations rubbed away.

The grossness of vulgar habits obstructs t efficacy of virtue, as impurity and harshness of sty impairs the force of reason, and rugged numbe turn off the mind from artifice of disposition an fertility of invention. Few have strength of reaso to over-rule the perceptions of sense; and ye fewer have curiosity or benevolence to struggle long against the first impression: he therefore who fails to please in his salutation and address, is at once rejected, and never obtains an opportunity of shewing his latent excellencies or essential qualities.

It is indeed not easy to prescribe a successful manner of approach to the distressed or necessitous, whose condition subjects every kind of behaviour equally to miscarriage. He whose confidence of merit incites him to meet without any apparent sense of inferiority the eyes of those who flattered themselves with their own dignity, is considered as an insolent leveller, impatient of the just prerogatives of rank and wealth, eager to usurp the station to which he has no right, and to confound the subordinations of society; and who would contribute to the exaltation of that spirit which even want and calamity are not able to restrain from rudeness and rebellion.

But no better success will commonly be found attend servility and dejection, which often give ide the confidence to treat them with contempt. request made with diffidence and timidity is ily denied, because the petitioner himself seems loubt its fitness.

Kindness is *generally* reciprocal; we are desirous *leasing others*, because we receive pleasure

from them; but by what means can the man please, whose attention is engrossed by his distresses, and who has no leisure to be officious; whose will is restrained by his necessities, and who has no power to confer benefits; whose temper is perhaps vitiated by misery, and whose understanding is impeded by ignorance?

It is yet a more offensive discouragement, that the same actions performed by different hands produce different effects, and instead of rating the man by his performances, we rate too frequently the performance by the man. It sometimes happens in the combinations of life, that important services are performed by inferiors; but though their zeal and activity may be paid by pecuniary rewards, they seldom excite that flow of gratitude, or obtain that accumulation of recompence, with which all think it their duty to acknowledge the favour of those who descend to their assistance from a higher elevation. To be obliged, is to be in some respect inferior to another; and few willingly indulge the memory of an action which raises one whom they have always been accustomed to think below them, but satisfy themselves with faint praise and penurious payment, and then drive it from their own minds, and endeavour to conceal it from the knowledge of others.

It may be always objected to the services of those who can be supposed to want a reward, that they were produced not by kindness but interest; they are therefore, when they are no longer wanted, easily disregarded as arts of insinuation, or *stratagems* of selfishness. Benefits which are re*ceived as gifts* from wealth, are exacted as debts

from indigence; and he that in a high station is celebrated for superfluous goodness, would in a meaner condition have barely been confessed to have done his duty.

It is scarcely possible for the utmost benevolence to oblige, when exerted under the disadvantages of great inferiority; for by the habitual arrogance of wealth, such expectations are commonly formed as no zeal or industry can satisfy; and what regard can he hope, who has done less than was demanded from him?

There are indeed kindnesses conferred which were never purchased by precedent favours, and there is an affection not arising from gratitude or gross interest by which similar natures are attracted to each other, without prospect of any other advantage than the pleasure of exchanged sentiments, and the hope of confirming their esteem of themselves by the approbation of each other. But this spontaneous fondness seldom rises at the sight of poverty, which every one regards with habitual contempt, and of which the applause is no more courted by vanity than the countenance is solicited by ambition. The most generous and disinterested friendship must be resolved at last into the love of ourselves; he, therefore, whose reputation or dignity inclines us to consider his esteem as a testimonial of desert, will always find our hearts open to his endearments. We every day see men of eminence followed with all the obsequiousness of dependence, and courted with all the blandishments of flattery, by those who want nothing from them but professions of regard, and who think them-

selves liberally rewarded by a bow, a smile or an embrace.

But those prejudices which every mind feels more or less in favour of riches, ought, like other opinions which only custom and example have impressed upon us, to be in time subjected to reason. We must learn how to separate the real character from extraneous adhesions and casual circumstances, to consider closely him whom we are about to adopt or to reject; to regard his inclinations as well as his actions; to trace out those virtues which lie torpid in the heart for want of opportunity, and those vices that lurk unseen by the absence of temptation; that when we find worth faintly shooting in the shades of obscurity, we may let in light and sunshine upon it, and ripen barren volition into efficacy and power.

N° 167. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1751.

Candida perpetuo reside concordia lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat ipsa senem quondam, sed et ipsa marito
Tum quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

MART.

Their nuptial bed may smiling concord dress,
And Venus still the happy union bless!
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recal the bloom of youth.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

It is not common to envy those with whom we cannot easily be placed in comparison. Every man sees without malevolence the progress of another in the tracks of life which he has himself no desire to tread, and hears, without inclination to cavils or contradiction, the renown of those whose distance will not suffer them to draw the attention of mankind from his own merit. The sailor never thinks it necessary to contest the lawyer's abilities; nor would the Rambler, however jealous of his reputation, be much disturbed by the success of rival wits at Agra or Ispahan.

We do not therefore ascribe to you any superlative degree of virtue, when we believe that we

may inform you of our change of condition without danger of malignant fascination; and that when you read of the marriage of your correspondents Hymenæus and Tranquilla, you will join your wishes to those of their other friends for the happy event of an union in which caprice and selfishness had so little part.

There is at least this reason why we should be less deceived in our connubial hopes than many who enter into the same state, that we have allowed our minds to form no unreasonable expectations, nor vitiated our fancies, in the soft hours of courtship, with visions of felicity which human power cannot bestow, or of perfection which human virtue cannot attain. That impartiality with which we endeavoured to inspect the manners of all whom we have known was never so much overpowered by our passion, but that we discovered some faults and weaknesses in each other; and joined our hands in conviction, that as there are advantages to be enjoyed in marriage, there are inconveniencies likewise to be endured; and that, together with confederate intellects and auxiliary virtues, we must find different opinions and opposite inclinations.

We however flatter ourselves, for who is not flattered by himself as well as by others on the day of marriage, that we are eminently qualified to give mutual pleasure. Our birth is without any such remarkable disparity as can give either an opportunity of insulting the other with pompous names and splendid alliances, or of calling in, upon any *domestick controversy*, the overbearing assistance *of powerful* relations. Our fortune was equally

suitable, so that we meet without any of those obligations which always produce reproach, or suspicion of reproach, which, though they may be forgotten in the gaieties of the first month, no delicacy will always suppress, or of which the suppression must be considered as a new favour, to be repaid by tameness and submission, till gratitude takes the place of love, and the desire of pleasing degenerates by degrees into the fear of offending.

The settlements caused no delay; for we did not trust our affairs to the negociation of wretches who would have paid their court by multiplying stipulations. Tranquilla scorned to detain any part of her fortune from him into whose hands she delivered up her person; and Hymenæus thought no act of baseness more criminal than his who enslaves his wife by her own generosity, who by marrying without a jointure condemns her to all the dangers of accident and caprice, and at last boasts his liberality, by granting what only the indiscretion of her kindness enabled him to withhold. He therefore received on the common terms the portion which any other woman might have brought him, and reserved all the exuberance of acknowledgment for those excellencies which he has yet been able to discover only in Tranquilla.

We did not pass the weeks of courtship like those who consider themselves as taking the last draught of pleasure, and resolve not to quit the bowl without a surfeit, or who know themselves about to set happiness to hazard, and endeavour to lose their sense of danger in the ebriety of perpetual amusement, and whirl round the gulph before they *sink*. *Hymenæus* often repeated a medical axiom,

that the succours of sickness ought not be wasted in health. We know that however our eyes may yet sparkle, and our hearts bound at the presence of each other, the time of listlessness and satiety, of peevishness and discontent, must come at last, in which we shall be driven for relief to shows and recreations; that the uniformity of life must be sometimes diversified, and the vacuities of conversation sometimes supplied. We rejoice in the reflection, that we have stores of novelty yet unexhausted, which may be opened when repletion shall call for change, and gratifications yet untasted, by which life, when it shall become vapid or bitter, may be restored to its former sweetness and sprightliness, and again irritate the appetite, and again sparkle in the cup.

Our time will probably be less tasteless than that of those whom the authority and avarice of parents unites almost without their consent in their early years, before they have accumulated any fund of reflexion, or collected materials for mutual entertainment. Such we have often seen rising in the morning to cards, and retiring in the afternoon to doze; whose happiness was celebrated by their neighbours, because they happened to grow rich by parsimony, and to be kept quiet by insensibility, and agreed to eat and to sleep together.

We have both mingled with the world, and are therefore no strangers to the faults and virtues, the designs and competitions, the hopes and fears of our contemporaries. We have both amused our leisure with books, and can therefore recount the *events of* former times, or cite the dictates of an-

cient wisdom. Every occurrence furnishes us with some hint which one or the other can improve, and if it should happen that memory or imagination fail us, we can retire to no idle or unimproving solitude.

Though our characters, beheld at a distance, exhibit this general resemblance, yet a nearer inspection discovers such a dissimilitude of our habitudes and sentiments, as leaves each some peculiar advantages and affords that *concordia discors*, that suitable disagreement, which is always necessary to intellectual harmony. There may be a total diversity of ideas which admits no participation of the same delight, and there may likewise be such a conformity of notions, as leaves neither any thing to add to the decisions of the other. With such contrariety there can be no peace, with such similarity there can be no pleasure. Our reasonings, though often formed upon different views, terminate generally in the same conclusion. Our thoughts, like rivulets issuing from distant springs, are each impregnated in its course with various mixtures, and tinged by infusions unknown to the other, yet at last easily unite into one stream, and purify themselves by the gentle effervescence of contrary qualities.

These benefits we receive in a greater degree as we converse without reserve, because we have nothing to conceal. We have no debts to be paid by imperceptible deductions from avowed expences, no habits to be indulged by the private subserviency of a favoured servant, no private interviews with needy relations, no intelligence with spies plac-

ed upon each other. We considered marriage as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship, a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished for ever, and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.

The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ardour of desire, which the first sight of pleasure naturally produces, have long ceased to hurry us into irregularity and vehemence; and experience has shewn us, that few gratifications are too valuable to be sacrificed to complaisance. We have thought it convenient to rest from the fatigue of pleasure, and now only continue that course of life into which we had before entered, confirmed in our choice by mutual approbation, supported in our resolution by mutual encouragement, and assisted in our efforts by mutual exhortation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, is our prospect of life—a prospect which, as it is beheld with more attention, seems to open more extensive happiness, and spreads by degrees into the boundless regions of eternity. But if all our prudence has been vain, and we are doomed to give one instance more of the uncertainty of human discernment, we shall comfort ourselves amidst our disappointments, that we were not betrayed but by such delusions as caution could not escape, since we sought happiness only in the arms of virtue. We are,

SIR,

Your humble Servants,

HYMENÆUS,

TRANQUILLA.

N°168. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1751.

——Decipit
Frons prima multos, rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo.

PHAEDRUS.

The tinsel glitter, and the specious mien,
Delude the most; few pry behind the scene,

It has been observed by Boileau, that "a mean "or common thought expressed in pompous dic- "tion, generally pleases more than a new or no- "ble sentiment delivered in low and vulgar lan- "guage; because the number is greater of those "whom custom has enabled to judge of words, "than whom study has qualified to examine "things."

This solution might satisfy, if such only were offended with meanness of expression as are unable to distinguish propriety of thought, and to separate propositions or images from the vehicles by which they are conveyed to the understanding. But this kind of disgust is by no means confined to the ignorant or superficial; it operates uniformly and universally upon readers of all classes; every man, however profound or abstracted, perceives himself irresistibly alienated by low terms; they who profess the most zealous adherence to truth are *forced to admit* that she owes part of her charms

to her ornaments; and loses much of her power over the soul, when she appears disgraced by a dress uncouth or ill-adjusted.

We are all offended by low terms, but are not disgusted alike by the same compositions, because we do not all agree to censure the same terms as low. No word is naturally or intrinsically meaner than another; our opinion therefore of words, as of other things arbitrary and capriciously established, depends wholly upon accident and custom. The cottager thinks those apartments splendid and spacious, which an inhabitant of palaces will despise for their inelegance; and to him who has passed most of his hours with the delicate and polite, many expressions will seem sordid, which another, equally acute, may hear without offence; but a mean term never fails to displease him to whom it appears mean, as poverty is certainly and invariably despised, though he who is poor in the eyes of some, may by others be envied for his wealth.

Words become low by the occasions to which they are applied, or the general character of them who use them; and the disgust which they produce, arises from the revival of those images with which they are commonly united. Thus if, in the most solemn discourse, a phrase happens to occur which has been successfully employed in some ludicrous narrative, the gravest auditor finds it difficult to refrain from laughter, when they who are not prepossessed by the same accidental association are utterly unable to guess the reason of his merriment. Words which convey ideas of dignity *in one age*, are banished from elegant writing or

conversation in another, because they are in time debased by vulgar mouths, and can be no longer heard without the involuntary recollection of unpleasing images.

When Macbeth is confirming himself in the horrid purpose of stabbing his king, he breaks out amidst his emotions into a wish natural to a murderer.

——Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold!

In this passage is exerted all the force of poetry, that force which calls new powers into being, which embodies sentiment, and animates matter; yet perhaps scarce any man now peruses it without some disturbance of his attention from the counteraction of the words to the ideas. What can be more dreadful than to implore the presence of night, invested not in common obscurity but in the smoke of hell? Yet the efficacy of this invocation is destroyed by the insertion of an epithet now seldom heard but in the stable, and dun night may come or go without any other notice than contempt.

If we start into raptures when some hero of the Iliad tells us that δορυ μαινεται, his lance rages with eagerness to destroy; if we are alarmed at the terror of the soldiers commanded by Cæsar, to hew down the sacred grove, who dreaded, says Lucan, lest the ax aimed at the oak should fly back *upon the striker,*

——Si robora sacra ferirent,
In sua credebant redituras membra secures ;

None dares with impious steel the grove to rend,
Lest on himself the destin'd stroke descend;

we cannot surely but sympathise with the horrors of a wretch about to murder his master, his friend, his benefactor, who suspects that the weapon will refuse its office, and start back from the breast which he is preparing to violate. Yet this sentiment is weakened by the name of an instrument used by butchers and cooks in the meanest employments ; we do not immediately conceive that any crime of importance is to be committed with a knife ; or who does not, at last, from the long habit of connecting a knife with sordid offices feel aversion rather than terror ?

Macbeth proceeds to wish, in the madness of guilt that the inspection of heaven may be intercepted, and that he may, in the involutions of infernal darkness, escape the eye of providence. This is the utmost extravagance of determined wickedness ; yet this is so debased by two unfortunate words, that while I endeavour to impress on my reader the energy of the sentiment, I can scarce check my risibility, when the expression forces itself upon my mind ; for who, without some relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt peeping through a blanket ?

These imperfections of diction are less obvious to the reader, as he is less acquainted with common *usages ;* they are therefore wholly imperceptible

to a foreigner, who learns our language from books, and will strike a solitary academick less forcibly than a modish lady.

Among the numerous requisites that must concur to complete an author, few are of more importance than an early entrance into the living world. The seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in publick. Argumentation may be taught in colleges, and theories formed in retirement; but the artifice of embellishment, and the powers of attraction, can be gained only by general converse.

An acquaintance with prevailing customs and fashionable elegance is necessrry likewise for other purposes. The injury that grand imagery suffers from unsuitable language, personal merit may fear from rudeness and indelicacy. When the success of Æneas depended on the favour of the queen upon whose coasts he was driven, his celestial protectress thought him not sufficiently secured against rejection by his piety or bravery, but decorated him for the interview with preternatural beauty. Whoever desires, for his writings or himself, what none can reasonably contemn, the favour of mankind, must add grace to strength, and make his thoughts agreeable as well as useful. Many complain of neglect who never tried to attract regard. It cannot be expected that the patrons of science or virtue should be solicitous to discover excellencies, which they who possess them shade and disguise. Few have abilities so much needed by the rest of the world as to be caressed on their own terms; and he that will not condescend to recom-

mend himself by external embellishments, must submit to the fate of just sentiment meanly expressed, and be ridiculed and forgotten before he is understood.

N° 169. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1751.

Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorsos sapit ungues.
PERSIUS.

No blood from bitten nails those poems drew;
But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.
DRYDEN.

NATURAL historians assert, that whatever is formed for long duration arrives slowly to its maturity. Thus the firmest timber is of tardy growth, and animals generally exceed each other in longevity, in proportion to the time between their conception and their birth.

The same observation may be extended to the offspring of the mind. Hasty compositions, however they please at first by flowery luxuriance, and spread in the sunshine of temporary favour, can seldom endure the change of seasons, but perish at the first blast of criticism, or frost of neglect. When Apelles was reproached with the paucity of his productions, and the incessant attention with which he retouched his pieces, he condescended to make no other answer, than that he *painted for* perpetuity.

No vanity can more justly incur contempt and indignation than that which boasts of negligence and hurry. For who can bear with patience the writer who claims such superiority to the rest of his species, as to imagine that mankind are at leisure for attention to his extemporary sallies, and that posterity will reposite his casual effusions among the treasures of ancient wisdom?

Men have sometimesappeared of such transcendent abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose; as there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled in other soils by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour, than to omit the cares of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of Arabia.

The greatest part of those who congratulate themselves upon their intellectual dignity, and usurp the privileges of genius, are men whom only themselves would ever have marked out as enriched by uncommon liberalities of nature, or entitled to veneration and immortality on easy terms. This ardour of confidence is usually found among those who, having not enlarged their notions by books or conversation, are persuaded, by the partiality which we all feel in our own favour that they have reached the summit of excellence, because they discover none higher than themselves; and who acquiesce in the first thoughts that occur, because their *scantiness* of knowledge allows them *little choice, and* the narrowness of their views

affords them no glimpse of perfection sublime idea which human industry has first ages been vanly toiling to approach see a little, and believe that there is no yond their sphere of vision, as the Pat Spain, who inhabited a small valley, conc surrounding mountains to be the boun the world. In proportion as perfection distinctly conceived, the pleasure of conte our own performances will be lessened; it m fore be observed, that they who most dese are often afraid to decide in favour of t performances; they know how much is s ing to their completion, and wait with an terror the determination of the publick. *every one else*, says Tully, *but never satisf*

It has often been inquired, why, notw ing the advances of later ages in science, assistance which the infusion of so many has given us, we still fall below the ancie art of composition. Some part of thei rity may be justly ascribed to the grace language, from which the most polishe present European tongues are nothing m barbarous degenerations. Some advant might gain merely by priority, which pu possession of the most natural sentiments us nothing but servile repetition or fo ceits. But the greater part of their pra to have been the just reward of modest bour. Their sense of human weakness them commonly to one study, which th *ledge of the* exent of every science enga *to prosecute* with indefatigable diligence

Among the writers of antiquity, I remember none except Statius who ventures to mention the speedy production of his writings, either as an extenuation of his faults, or a proof of his facility. Nor did Statius, when he considered himself as a candidate for lasting reputation, think a closer attention unnecessary, but amidst all his pride and indigence, the two great hasteners of modern poems, employed twelve years upon the Thebaid, and thinks his claim to renown proportionate to his labour.

Thebais, multa cruciata lima,
Tentat, audaci fide, Mantuanæ
Gaudia famæ.

Polish'd with endless toil, my lays
At length aspire to Mantuan praise.

Ovid indeed apologizes in his banishment for the imperfection of his letters, but mentions his want of leisure to polish them as an addition to his calamities; and was so far from imagining revisals and corrections unnecessary, that at his departure from Rome, he threw his Metamorphoses into the fire, lest he should be disgraced by a book which he could not hope to finish.

It seems not often to have happened, that the same writer aspired to reputation in verse and prose; and of those few that attemped such diversity of excellence, I know not that even one succeeded. Contrary characters they never imagined a single mind able to support, and therefore no man is recorded to have undertaken more than *one kind of* dramatick poetry.

What they had written they did not venture in their first fondness to thrust into the world, but considering the impropriety of sending forth inconsiderately that which cannot be recalled, deferred the publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of Horace, yet till their fancy was cooled after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment.

There were in those days no weekly or diurnal writers; *multa dies, & multa litura*, much time and many rasures, were considered as indispensable requisites; and that no other method of attaining lasting praise has been yet discovered, may be conjectured from the blotted manuscripts of Milton now remaining, and from the tardy emission of Pope's compositions, delayed more than once till the incidents to which they alluded were forgotten, till his enemies were secure from his satire, and what to an honest mind must be more painful, his friends were deaf to his encomiums.

To him whose eagerness of praise hurries his productions soon into the light, many imperfections are unavoidable, even where the mind furnishes the materials, as well as regulates their disposition, and nothing depends upon search or information. Delay opens new veins of thought, the subject dismissed for a time appears with a new train of dependent images, the accidents of reading or conversation supply new ornaments or allusions, or mere intermission of the fatigue of thinking enables the mind to collect new force and make new excursions. But all those bene-

fits come too late for him, who, when he was weary with labour, snatched at the recompence, and gave his work to his friends and his enemies, as soon as impatience and pride persuaded him to conclude it.

One of the most pernicious effects of haste, is obscurity. He that teems with a quick succession of ideas, and perceives how one sentiment produces another, easily believes that he can clearly express what he so strongly comprehends; he seldom suspects his thoughts of embarrassment, while he preserves in his own memory the series of connection, or his diction of ambiguity, while only one sense is present to his mind. Yet if he has been employed on an abstruse or complicated argument, he will find, when he has a while withdrawn his mind, and returns as a new reader to his work, that he has only a conjectural glimpse of his own meaning, and that to explain it to those whom he desires to instruct, be must open his sentiments, disentangle his method, and alter his arrangement.

Authors and lovers always suffer some infatuation, from which only absence can set them free; and every man ought to restore himself to the full exercise of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly, without injuring his honour and his quiet.

N° 170. SATURDAY, NOV. 2,

Confiteor; si quid prodest delicta fateri.
OVI

I grant the charge; forgive the fault confe

I AM one of those beings, from whe that melt at the sight of all other miser meritorious to withhold relief; one whe gour of virtuous indignation dooms to st out complaint, and perish without reg whom I myself have formerly insulted, in of reputation and security of innocence.

I am of a good family, but my father dened with more children than he could support. A wealthy relation, as he trav London to his country-seat, condescendin him a visit, was touched with compass narrow fortune, and resolved to ease hi of his charge, by taking the care of a c himself. Distress on one side, and ambit other, were too powerful for parental and the little family passed in review be that he might make his choice. I wa years old, and without knowing for wha I was called to my great cousin, endea recommend myself by my best courtesy, my prettiest song, told the last story t *read, and so much* endeared myself by

cence, that he declared his resolution to adopt me, and to educate me with his own daughters.

My parents felt the common struggles at the thought of parting, and "some natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon". They considered, not without that false estimation of the value of wealth which poverty long continued always produces, that I was raised to higher rank than they could bequeath. My mother sold some of her ornaments to dress me in such a manner as might secure me from contempt at my first arrival; and when she dismissed me, pressed me to her bosom with an embrace that I still feel, gave me some precepts of piety, which, however neglected, I have not forgotten, and uttered prayers for my final happiness, of which I have not yet ceased to hope that they will at last be granted.

My sisters envied my new finery, and seemed not much to regret our separation; my father conducted me to the stage-coach with a kind of cheerful tenderness; and in a very short time, I was transported to splendid apartments and a luxurious table, and grew familiar to show, noise and gaiety.

In three years my mother died, having implored a blessing on her family with her last breath. I had little opportunity to indulge a sorrow which there was none to partake with me, and therefore soon ceased to reflect much upon my loss. My father turned all his care upon his other children, whom some fortunate adventures and unexpected legacies enabled him, when he died four years after my mother, to leave in a condition above their expectations.

I should have shared the increase of his fortune,

and had once a portion assigned me in his will; but my cousin assuring him that all care for me was needless, since he had resolved to place me happily in the world, directed him to divide my part amongst my sisters.

Thus I was thrown upon dependance without resource. Being now at an age in which young women are initiated into company, I was no longer to be supported in my former character, but at considerable expence; so that partly, lest I should waste money, and partly lest my appearance might draw too many compliments and assiduities, I was insensibly degraded from my equality, and enjoyed few privileges above the head servant, but that of receiving no wages.

I felt every indignity, but knew that resentment would precipitate my fall. I therefore endeavoured to continue my importance by little services and active officiousness, and for a time preserved myself from neglect, by withdrawing all pretences to competition, and studying to please rather than to shine. But my interest, notwithstanding this expedient, hourly declined, and my cousin's favourite maid began to exchange repartees with me, and consult me about the alterations of a cast gown.

I was now completely depressed; and though I had seen mankind enough to know the necessity of outward cheerfulness, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, or turn my condition in my mind, and examine by what means I might escape from perpetual mortifications. At last my schemes and sorrows were interrupted by a sudden *change of my* relation's behaviour, who one day

took an occasion, when we were left together in a room, to bid me suffer myself no longer to be insulted, but assume the place which he always intended me to hold in the family. He assured me that his wife's preference of her own daughters should never hurt me; and accompanying his professions with a purse of gold, ordered me to bespeak a rich suit at the mercer's, and to apply privately to him for money when I wanted it, and insinuate that my other friends supplied me, which he would take care to confirm.

By this stratagem, which I did not then understand, he filled me with tenderness and gratitude, compelled me to repose on him as my only support, and produced a necessity of private conversation. He often appointed interviews at the house of an acquaintance, and sometimes called on me with a coach, and carried me abroad. My sense of his favour, and the desire of retaining it, disposed me to unlimited complaisance, and though I saw his kindness grow every day more fond, I did not suffer any suspicion to enter my thoughts. At last the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the submission which he exacted as my benefactor, to complete the ruin of an orphan, whom his own promises had made indigent, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority subdued.

I know not why it should afford subject of exultation, to overpower an any terms the resolution, or surprise the caution of a girl; but of all the boasters that deck themselves in the spoils of innocence and beauty, they surely have the least *pretensions to triumph*, who submit to owe their

success to some casual influence. They neither employ the graces of fancy nor the force of understanding in their attempts; they cannot please their vanity with the art of their approaches, the delicacy of their adulations, the elegance of their address, or the efficacy of their eloquence; nor applaud themselves as possessed of any qualities by which affection is attracted. They surmount no obstacles, they defeat no rivals, but attack only those who cannot resist, and are often content to possess the body, without any solicitude to gain the heart.

Many of these despicable wretches does my present acquaintance with infamy and wickedness enable me to number among the heroes of debauchery; reptiles whom their own servants would have despised, had they not been their servants, and with whom beggary would have disdained intercourse, had she not heen allured by hopes of relief. Many of the beings who are now rioting in taverns, or shivering in the streets, have been corrupted, not by arts of gallantry which stole gradually upon the affections, and laid prudence asleep, but by the fear of losing benefits which were never intended, or of incurring resentment which they could not escape: some have been frighted by masters, and some awed by guardians into ruin.

Our crime had its usual consequence, and he soon perceived that I could not long continue in his family. I was distracted at the thought of the reproach which I now believed inevitable. He comforted me with hopes of eluding all discovery, and often upbraided me with the anxiety, which, perhaps, none but himself saw in my countenance:

but at last mingled his assurances of protection and maintenance with menaces of total desertion, if, in the moments of perturbation, I should suffer his secret to escape, or endeavour to throw on him any part of my infamy.

Thus passed the dismal hours, till my retreat could no longer be delayed. It was pretended, that my relations had sent for me to a distant county, and I entered upon a state which shall be described in my next letter.

I am, Sir, &c.

MISELLA.

N° 171. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1751.

Tædet cœli convexa tueri.

VIRG.

Dark is the sun, and loathsome is the day.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

MISELLA now sits down to continue her narrative. I am convinced that nothing would more powerfully preserve youth from irregularity, or guard inexperience from seduction, than a just description of the condition into which the wanton plunges herself, and therefore hope that my letter may be a sufficient antidote to my example.

After the distraction, hesitation, and delays

which the timidity of guilt naturally proc
was removed to lodgings in a distant par
town, under one of the characters comm
sumed upon such occasions. Here, bein
circumstances condemned to solitude, I pas
of my hours in bitterness and anguish. T
versation of the people with whom I wa
was not at all capable of engaging my a
or dispossessing the reigning ideas. Th
which I carried to my retreat were
heightened my abhorrence of myself; f
not so far abandoned as to sink volunta
corruption, or endeavour to conceal from
mind the enormity of my crime.

My relation remitted none of his fondn
visited me so often, that I was sometimes a
his assiduity should expose him to suspicion
ever he came he found me weeping, and w
fore less delightfully entertained than he e
After frequent expostulations upon the r
ableness of my sorrow, and innumerable p
tions of everlasting regard, he at last four
was more affected with the loss of my i
shan the danger of my fame, and that he m
be disturbed by my remorse, began to lull
science with the opiates of irreligion. H
ments were such as my course of life has
posed me often to the necessity of hearing
empty, and fallacious; yet they at first co
me by their novelty, filled me with doubt
plexity, and interrupted that peace which
to feel from the sincerity of my repentan
out substituting any other support. I l
while to his impious gabble, but its influ

erpowered by natural reason and early edu-
and the convictions which this new attempt
e of his baseness completed my abhorrence.
heard of barbarians, who, when tempests
hips upon their coast, decoy them to the
:hat they may plunder their lading, and have
thought that wretches, thus merciless in
epredations, ought to be destroyed by a
insurrection of all social beings; yet how
this guilt to the crime of him, who, in the
ns of remorse cuts away the anchor of piety,
en he has drawn aside credulity from the
of virtue, hides the light of heaven which
direct her to return! I had hitherto con-
him as a man equally betrayed with myself
concurrence of appetite and opportunity;
ow saw with horror that he was contriving
etuate his gratification, and was desirous to
:o his purpose by complete and radical cor-

escape, however, was not yet in my power.
l support the expences of my condition, only
continuance of his favour. He provided all
as necessary, and, in a few weeks, congra-
me upon my escape from the danger which
both expected with so much anxiety. I
gan to remind him of his promise to restore
h my fame uninjured to the world. He pro-
ne in general terms, that nothing should be
g which his power could add to my happi-
ut forbore to release me from my confine-
I knew how much my reception in the
depended upon my speedy return, and was
re outrageously impatient of his delays,

which I now preceived to be only artifices of lewdness. He told me, at last, with an appearance of sorrow, that all hopes of restoration to my former state were for ever precluded; that chance had discovered my secret, and malice divulged it; and that nothing now remained, but to seek a retreat more private, where curiosity or hatred could never find us.

The rage, anguish, and resentment which I felt at this account, are not to be expressed. I was in so much dread of reproach and infamy, which he represented as pursuing me with full cry, that I yielded myself implicitly to his disposal, and was removed, with a thousand studied precautions, through by-ways and dark passages, to another house, where I harassed him with perpetual solicitations for a small annuity, that might enable me to live in the country in obscurity and innocence.

This demand he at first evaded with ardent professions, but in time appeared offended at my importunity and distrust; and having one day endeavoured to sooth me with uncommon expressions of tenderness, when he found my discontent immoveable, left me with some inarticulate murmurs of anger. I was pleased that he was at last roused to sensibility, and expecting that at his next visit he would comply with my request, lived with great tranquillity upon the money in my hand, and was so much pleased with the pause of persecution, that I did not reflect how much his absence had exceeded the usual intervals, till I was alarmed with the danger of wanting subsistence. I then suddenly contracted my expences, but was unwilling to supplicate for assistance. Necessity, however, soon

overcome my modesty or my pride, and I applied to him by a letter, but had no answer. I writ in terms more pressing, but without effect. I then sent an agent to inquire after him, who informed me, that he had quitted his house, and was gone with his family to reside for some time upon his estate in Ireland.

However shocked at this abrupt departure, I was yet unwilling to believe that he could wholly abandon me; and therefore, by the sale of my clothes, I supported myself, expecting that every post would bring me relief. Thus I passed seven months between hope and dejection, in a gradual approach to poverty and distress, emaciated with discontent, and bewildered with uncertainty. At last, my landlady, after many hints of the necessity of a new lover, took the opportunity of my absence to search my boxes, and missing some of my apparel, seized the remainder for rent, and led me to the door.

To remonstrate against legal cruelty was vain; to supplicate obdurate brutality was hopeless. I went away I knew not whither, and wandered about without any settled purpose, unacquainted with the usual expedients of misery, unqualified for laborious offices, afraid to meet an eye that had seen me before, and hopeless of relief from those who were strangers to my former condition. Night came on in the midst of my distraction, and I still continued to wander till the menaces of the watch obliged me to shelter myself in a covered passage.

Next day, I procured a lodging in the backward garret of a mean house, and employed my landlady *to inquire for a service.* My applications were

generally rejected for want of a character. At length I was received at a draper's; but when it was known to my mistress that I had only one gown, and that of silk, she was of opinion that I looked like a thief, and without warning hurried me away. I then tried to support myself by my needle; and, by my landlady's recommendation, obtained a little work from a shop, and for three weeks lived without repining; but when my punctuality had gained me so much reputation, that I was trusted to make up a head of some value, one of my fellow-lodgers stole the lace, and I was obliged to fly from a prosecution.

Thus driven again into the streets, I lived upon the least that could support me, and at night accommodated myself under pent-houses as well as I could. At length I became absolutely pennyless; and having strolled all day without sustenance, was at the close of evening accosted by an elderly man, with an invitation to a tavern. I refused him with hesitation; he seized me by the hand, and drew me into a neighbouring house, where, when he saw my face pale with hunger, and my eyes swelling with tears, he spurned me from him, and bade me cant and whine in some other place,—he for his part would take care of his pockets.

I still continued to stand in the way, having scarcely strength to walk further, when another soon addressed me in the same manner. When he saw the same tokens of calamity, he considered that I might be obtained at a cheap rate, and therefore quickly made overtures, which I had no longer firmness to reject. By this man I was maintained *four* months in penurious wickedness, and then

abandoned to my former condition, from which I was delivered by another keeper.

In this abject state I have now passed four years, the drudge of extortion, and the sport of drunkenness; sometimes the property of one man, and sometimes the common prey of accidental lewdness; at one time tricked up for sale by the mistress of a brothel, at another begging in the streets to be relieved from hunger by wickedness; without any hope in the day but of finding some whom folly or excess may expose to my allurements, and without any reflections at night, but such as guilt and terror impress upon me.

If those who pass their days in plenty and security, could visit for an hour the dismal receptacles to which the prostitute retires from her nocturnal excursions, and see the wretches that lie crowded together, mad with intemperance, ghastly with famine, nauseous with filth, and noisome with disease; it would not be easy for any degree of abhorrence to harden them against compassion, or to repress the desire which they must immediately feel, to rescue such numbers of human beings from a state so dreadful.

It is said that in France they annually evacuate their streets, and ship their prostitutes and vagabonds to their colonies. If the women that infest this city had the same opportunity to escape from their miseries, I believe very little force would be necessary; for who among them can dread any change? Many of us indeed are wholly unqualified for any but the most servile employments, and those perhaps would require the care of a magistrate *to hinder them from* following the same practices

in another country; but others are only by infamy from reformation, and would delivered on any terms from the necessit and the tyranny of chance. No place pulous city can afford opportunities for titution; and where the eye of justice can individuals, those who cannot be made be restrained from mischief. For my part exult at the privilege of banishment, and self happy in any region that should r once again to honesty and peace.

I am, SIR, &c.

MI

N°172. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER

Sæpe rogare soles qualis tim, Prisce, futur
Si fiam locuples; simque repente potens.
Quemquam posse putas mores narrare futu
Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris.

MART

Priscus, you've often ask'd me how I'd live
Should fate at once both wealth and honou
What soul his future conduct can foresee?
Tell me what sort of lion you wou'd be.

F. L

NOTHING has been longer observe that a change of fortune causes a chang ners; and that it is difficult to conject *the conduct* of him whom we see in a l

tion; how I would act if wealth and power were put into my hands. But it is generally agreed, that few men are made better by affluence or exaltation; and that the powers of the mind, when they are unbounded and expanded by the sun-shine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies, than blossom into goodness.

Many observations have concurred to establish this opinion, and it is not likely soon to become obsolete, for want of new occasions to revive it. The greater part of mankind are corrupt in every condition, and differ in high and low stations, only as they have more or fewer opportunities of gratifying their desires, or as they are more or less restrained by human censures. Many vitiate their principles in the acquisition of riches; and who can wonder that what is gained by fraud and extortion is enjoyed with tyranny and excess?

Yet I am willing to believe that the depravation of the mind by external advantages, though certainly not uncommon, yet approaches not so nearly to universality, as some have asserted in the bitterness of resentment, or heat of declamation.

Whoever rises above those who once pleased themselves with equality, will have many malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain sooner than others that which all pursue with the same ardour, and to which all imagine themselves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When those who started with us in the race of life leave us so far behind, that we have little hope to overtake them, we revenge our disappointment by remarks on the arts of supplantation by which they gained the advantage, or on the folly and arrogance with which

they possess it. Of them whose rise we could not hinder, we solace ourselves by prognosticating the fall.

It is impossible for human purity not to betray to an eye, thus sharpened by malignity, some stains which lay unconcealed and unregarded, while none thought it their interest to discover them; nor can the most circumspect attention, or steady rectitude, escape blame from censors who have no inclination to approve. Riches, therefore, perhaps do not so often produce crimes as incite accusers.

The common charge against those who rise above their original condition, is that of pride. It is certain that success naturally confirms us in a favourable opinion of our own abilities. Scarce any man is willing to allot to accident, friendship, and a thousand causes which concur in every event without human contrivance or interposition, the part which they may justly claim in his advancement. We rate ourselves by our fortune rather than our virtues, and exorbitant claims are soon produced by imaginary merit. But captiousness and jealousy are likewise easily offended, and to him who studiously looks for an affront, every mode of behaviour will supply it; freedom will be rudeness, and reserve sullenness; mirth will be negligence, and seriousness formality; when he is received with ceremony, distance and respect are inculcated; if he is treated with familiarity, he concludes himself insulted by condescensions.

It must however be confessed, that as all sudden changes are dangerous, a quick transition from poverty to abundance can seldom be made with *safety*. He that has long lived within sight of

pleasures which he could not reach, will need more than common moderation, not to lose his reason in unbounded riot when they are first put into his power.

Every possession is endeared by novelty; every gratification is exaggerated by desire. It is difficult not to estimate what is lately gained above its real value; it is not impossible not to annex greater happiness to that condition from which we are unwillingly excluded, than nature has qualified us to obtain. For this reason the remote inheritor of an unexpected fortune may be generally distinguished from those who are enriched in the common course of lineal descent, by his greater haste to enjoy his wealth, by the finery of his dress, the pomp of his equipage, the splendour of his furniture, and the luxury of his table.

A thousand things which familiarity discovers to be of little value, have power for a time to seize the imagination. A Virginian king, when the Europeans had fixed a lock on his door, was so delighted to find his subjects admitted or excluded with such facility, that it was from morning to evening his whole employment to turn the key. We, among whom locks and keys have been longer in use, are inclined to laugh at the American amusement; yet I doubt whether this paper will have a single reader that may not apply the story to himself, and recollect some hours of his life in which he has been equally overpowered by the transitory charms of trifling novelty.

Some indulgence is due to him whom a happy gale of fortune has suddenly transported into new regions, where unaccustomed lustre dazzles his eyes

and untasted delicacies solicit his appeti
him not be considered as lost in hopeles
racy, though he for a while forgets th
due to others, to indulge the contemp
himself, and in the extravagance of his
tures expects that his eye should regulate
tions of all who approach him, and his o
received as decisive and oraculous. His
tion will give way to time; the madness c
fume imperceptibly away; the sense of
ficiency will soon return; he will remen
the co-operation of others is necessary to
piness, and learn to conciliate his regards
procal beneficence.

There is at least one consideration whi
to alleviate our censures of the powerful
To imagine them chargeable with all the
folly of their own actions, is to be very
quainted with the world.

Deb' absolu puvoir vous ignorez lyvresse,
Et du lache flateur la voix enchanteresse.

Thou hast not known the giddy whirls of f
Nor servile flatteries which enchant the gre

MISS A

He that can do much good or harm,
find many whom ambition or cowardice w
to be sincere. While we live upon a level
rest of mankind, we are reminded of our
the admonitions of friends and reproaches
mies; but men who stand in the highest
society seldom hear of their faults: if by
cident an opprobrious clamour reaches t

lattery is always at hand to pour in her opiates, o quiet conviction, and obtund remorse.

Favour is seldom gained but by conformity in vice. Virtue can stand without assistance, and considers herself as very little obliged to countenance and approbation; but vice, spiritless and timorous, seeks the shelter of crowds, and support of confederacy. The sycophant, therefore neglects the good qualities of his patron, and employs all his art on his weaknesses and follies, regales his reigning vanity, or stimulates his prevalent desires.

Virtue is sufficiently difficult with any circumstances; but the difficulty is increased when reproof and advice are frighted away. In common life, reason and conscience have only the appetites and passions to encounter; but in higher stations, they must oppose artifice and adulation. He therefore that yields to such temptations, cannot give those who look upon his miscarriage much reason for exultation, since few can justly presume, that from the same snare they should have been able to escape.

N° 179. TUESDAY, NOV. 12, 1751.

Quo virtus, quo ferat error?

HOR.

Now say where virtue stops and vice begins.

As any action or posture, long continued, wi distort and disfigure the limbs, so the mind lik wise is crippled and contracted by perpetual ap plication to the same set of ideas. It is easy t guess the trade of an artizan by his knees, hi fingers, or his shoulders; and there are few amon men of the more liberal professions, whose mind do not carry the brand of their calling, or whos conversation does not quickly discover to wha class of the community they belong.

These peculiarities have been of great use, i the general hostility which every part of mankin exercises against the rest, to furnish insults as sarcasms. Every art has its dialect uncouth an ungrateful to all whom custom has not reconcil to its sound, and which therefore becomes ridic lous by a slight misapplication or unnecessary r petition.

The general reproach with which ignorance r venges the superciliousness of learning, is that pedantry; a censure which every man incurs, w has at any time the misfortune to talk to those w cannot understand him, and by which the m dest and timorous are sometimes frighted from t

display of their acquisitions and the exertion of their powers.

The name of a pedant is so formidable to young men when they first sally from their colleges, and is so liberally scattered by those who mean to boast their elegance of education, easiness of manners, and knowledge of the world, that it seems to require particular consideration; since, perhaps, if it were once understood, many a heart might be freed from painful apprehensions, and many a tongue delivered from restraint.

Pedantry is the unseasonable ostentation of learning. It may be discovered either in the choice of a subject, or in the manner of treating it. He is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry, who, when he has made himself master of some abstruse and uncultivated part of knowledge, obtrudes his remarks and discoveries upon those whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and from whom, as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot properly expect applause.

To this error the student is sometimes betrayed by the natural recurrence of the mind to its common employment, by the pleasure which every man receives from the recollection of pleasing images, and the desire of dwelling upon topicks on which he knows himself able to speak with justness. But because we are seldom so far prejudiced in favour of each other, as to search out for palliations, this failure of politeness is imputed always to vanity; and the harmless collegiate, who perhaps intended entertainment and instruction, or at worst only spoke without *sufficient* reflection upon the cha-

meter of hearers, is censured as arrogant or over-

bearing, and eager to extend his renov
tempt of the convenience of society a
of conversation.

All discourse of which others cann
is not only an irksome usurpation of t
voted to pleasure and entertainment,
never fails to excite very keen resentme
lent assertion of superiority, and a tri
less enlightened understandings. The
therefore, not only heard with wearine
lignity; and those who conceive thems
ed by his knowledge, never fail to tel
mony how injudiciously it was exerted

To avoid this dangerous reputatio
sometimes divest themselves with too
of their academical formality, and in t
vours to accommodate their notions an
to common conceptions, talk rather o
than of that which they understand, an
insipidity of sentiment and meanness of

There prevails among men of letters
that all appearance of science is particul
to women; and that therefore, whoeve
be well received in female assemblies, n
himself by a total rejection of all that is
tional, or important; must consider a
criticism as perpetually interdicted;
all his attention to trifles, and all his e
compliment.

Students often form their notions of
generation from the writings of the p
not very early informed of those cha
the gradual diffusion of knowledge, or
caprice of fashion, produces in the wo

ever might be the state of female literature in the last century, there is now no longer any danger lest the scholar should want an adequate audience at the tea-table; and whoever thinks it necessary to regulate his conversation by antiquated rules will be rather despised for his futility than caressed for his politeness.

To talk intentionally in a manner above the comprehension of those whom we address, is unquestionable pedantry; but surely complaisance requires, that no man should, without proof, conclude his company incapable of followning him to the highest elevation of his fancy, or the utmost extent of his knowledge. It is always safer to err in favour of others than of ourselves, and therefore we seldom hazard much by endeavouring to excel.

It ought at least to be the care of learning, when she quits her exaltation, to descend with dignity. Nothing is more despicable than the airiness and jocularity of a man bred to severe science and solitary meditation. To trifle agreeably is a secret which schools cannot impart; that gay negligence and vivacious levity, which charm down resistance wherever they appear, are never attainable by him who, having spent his first years among the dust of libraries, enters late into the gay world with an unpliant attention and established habits.

It is observed, in the panegyrick on Fabricius the mechanick, that, though forced by publick employments into mingled conversation, he never lost the modesty and seriousnes of the convent, *por drew ridicule* upon himself by an affected imi-

tation of fashionable life. To the same praise every man devoted to learning ought to aspire. If he attempts the softer arts of pleasing, and endeavours to learn the graceful bow and the familiar embrace, the insinuating accent and the general smile, he will lose the respect due to the character of learning, without arriving at the envied honour of doing any thing with elegance and facility.

Theophrastus was discovered not to be a native of Athens, by so strict an adherence to the Attick dialect, as shewed that he had learned it not by custom but by rule. A man not early formed to habitual elegance, betrays in like manner the effects of his education, by an unnecessary anxiety of behaviour. It is as possible to become pedantick by fear of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill-timed civility. There is no kind of impertinence more justly censurable, than his who is always labouring to level thoughts to intellects higher than his own; who apologizes for every word which his own narrowness of conversation inclines him to think unusual; keeps the exuberance of his faculties under visible restraint; is solicitous to anticipate inquiries by needless explanations; and endeavours to shade his own abilities, lest weak eyes should be dazzled with their lustre.

N° 174. SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1751.

Fanum habet in cornu, longe fuge, dummodo risum,
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico.

HOR.

Yonder he drives——avoid the furious beast;
If he may have his jest, he never cares
At whose expence; nor friend nor patron spares.

TO THE RAMBLER.

MR RAMBLER,

HE laws of social benevolence require, that ery man should endeavour to assist others by s experience. He that has at last escaped into ort from the fluctuations of chance and the sts of opposition, ought to make some improveents in the chart of life, by marking the rocks which he has been dashed, and the shallows here he has been stranded.

The error into which I was betrayed, when stom first gave me up to my own direction, is ry frequently incident to the quick, the spright-, the fearless, and the gay; to all whose ardour rries them into precipitate execution of their signs, and imprudent declaration of their opiions; who seldom count the cost of pleasure, or amine the distant consequences of any practice at flatters them with immediate gratification.

I came forth into the crowded world with the *ual juvenile* ambition, and desired nothing be-

yond the title of a wit. Money I considered as below my care; for I saw such multitudes grow rich without understanding, that I could not forbear to look on wealth as an acquisition easy to industry directed by genius, and therefore threw it aside as a secondary convenience, to be procured when my principal wish should be satisfied, and the claim to intellectual excellence universally acknowledged.

With this view I regulated my behaviour in publick, and exercised my meditations in solitude. My life was divided between the care of providing topicks for the entertainment of my company, and that of collecting company worthy to be entertained; for I soon found, that wit, like every other power, has its boundaries; that its success depends upon the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are mines upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.

It was, however, not long before I fitted myself with a set of companions who knew how to laugh, and to whom no other recommendation was necessary than the power of striking out a jest. Among those I fixed my residence, and for a time enjoyed the felicity of disturbing the neighbours every night with the obstreperous applause which my sallies forced from the audience. The reputation of our club every day increased, and as my flights and remarks were circulated by my admirers, every day brought new solicitations *for admission* into our society.

To support this perpetual fund of merriment, I frequented every place of concourse, cultivated the acquaintance of all the fashionable race, and passed the day in a continual succession of visits, in which I collected a treasure of pleasantry for the expences of the evening. Whatever error of conduct I could discover, whatever peculiarity of manner I could observe, whatever weakness was betrayed by confidence, whatever lapse was suffered by neglect, all was drawn together for the diversion of my wild companions, who, when they had been taught the art of ridicule, never failed to signalize themselves by a zealous imitation, and filled the town on the ensuing day with scandal and vexation, with merriment and shame.

I can scarcely believe, when I recollect my own practice, that I could have been so far deluded with petty praise, as to divulge the secrets of trust, and to expose the levities of frankness; to waylay the walks of the cautious, and surprize the security of the thoughtless. Yet it is certain, that for many years I heard nothing but with design to tell it, and saw nothing with any other curiosity than after some failure that might furnish out a jest.

My heart, indeed, acquits me of a deliberate malignity, or interested insidiousness. I had no other purpose than to heighten the pleasure of laughter by communication, nor ever raised any pecuniary advantage from the calamities of others. I led weakness and negligence into difficulties, only that I might divert myself with their perplexities and distresses; and violated every law of friendship, with no other hope than that of gaining the *reputation of* smartness and waggery.

I would not be understood to charge with any crimes of the atrocious or de kind. I never betrayed an heir to game a girl to debauchees; never intercepted t ness of a patron, or sported away the re of innocence. My delight was only in p chief, and momentary vexations; and m ness was employed not upon fraud and o which it had been meritorious to detect, b harmless ignorance or absurdity, prejudic take.

This inquiry I pursued with so much and sagacity, that I was able to relate, man I knew, some blunder or miscarriage tray the most circumspect of my friends lies, by a judicious flattery of his pre passion; or expose him to contempt, b him in circumstances which put his preju action, brought to view his natural de drew the attention of the company on h affectation.

The power had been possessed in vain never been exerted; and it was not my c let any arts of jocularity remain unemploy impatience of applause brought me alway the place of entertainment; and I seldc to lay a scheme with the small knot that thered round me, by which some of tho we expected might be made subservien sport. Every man has some favourite t conversation, on which, by a feigned serio attention, he may be drawn to expatiate end. Every man has some habitual cont *body, or* established mode of expressio

never fails to raise mirth if it be pointed out to notice. By premonitions of these particularities I secured our pleasantry. Our companion entered with his usual gaiety, and began to partake of our noisy cheerfulness, when the conversation was imperceptibly diverted to a subject which pressed upon his tender part, and extorted the expected shrug, the customary exclamation, or the predicted remark. A general clamour of joy then burst from all that were admitted to the stratagem. Our mirth was often increased by the triumph of him that occasioned it: for as we do not hastily form conclusions against ourselves, seldom any one suspected, that he had exhilarated us otherwise than by his wit.

You will hear, I believe, with very little surprise, that by this conduct I had in a short time united mankind against me, and that every tongue was diligent in prevention or revenge. I soon perceived myself regarded with malevolence or distrust, but wondered what had been discovered in me either terrible or hateful. I had invaded no man's property; I had rivalled no man's claims; nor had ever engaged in any of those attempts which provoke the jealousy of ambition or the rage of faction. I had lived but to laugh, and make others laugh; and I believed that I was loved by all who caressed, and favoured by all who applauded me. I never imagined, that he who, in the mirth of a nocturnal revel, concurred in ridiculing his friend, would consider in a cooler hour, that the same trick might be played against himself; or that even where there is no sense of danger, *the natural* pride of human nature rises

against him, who by general censures lays claim to general superiority.

I was convinced, by a total desertion, of the impropriety of my conduct; every man avoided, and cautioned others to avoid me. Wherever I came, I found silence and dejection, coldness and terror. No one would venture to speak, lest he should lay himself open to unfavourable representations; the company, however numerous dropped off at my entrance upon various pretences; and if I retired to avoid the shame of being left, I heard confidence and mirth revive at my departure.

If those whom I had thus offended, could have contented themselves with repaying one insult for another, and kept up the war only by a reciprocation of sarcasms, they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But these wounds which they give me as they fly, are without cure; this alarm which they spread by their solicitude to escape me, excludes me from all friendship and from all pleasure: I am condemned to pass a long interval of my life in solitude, as a man suspected of infection is refused admission into cities; and must linger in obscurity, till my conduct shall convince the world, that I may be approached without hazard.

I am, &c.

DICACULUS.

N° 175. TUESDAY, NOV. 19, 1751.

Rari quippe boni, numero vix sunt totidem quot Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili.

JUV.

Good men are scarce, the just are thinly sown;
They thrive but ill, nor can they last when grown.
And should we count them, and our store compile;
Yet Thebes more gates could shew, more mouths the Nile.

CREECH.

NONE of the axioms of wisdom which recommend the ancient sages to veneration, seems to have required less extent of knowledge, or perspicacity of penetration, than the remark of Bias that *οι πλειονες κακοι, the majority are wicked.*

The depravity of mankind is so easily discoverable, that nothing but the desert or the cell can exclude it from notice. The knowledge of crimes intrudes uncalled and undesired. They whom their abstraction from common occurrences hinder from seeing iniquity, will quickly have their attention awakened by feeling it. Even he who ventures not into the world, may learn its corruption in his closet. For what are treatises of morality, but persuasives to the practice of duties, for which no arguments would be necessary, but that we are continually tempted to violate or neglect them? What are all the records of history, but narratives of successive villanies, of treasons and usurpations, massacres and wars?

But, perhaps, the excellence of aphorisms con-

sists not so much in the expression of some abstruse sentiment, as in the comprehension obvious and useful truth in a few words. quently fall into error and folly, not because principles of action are not known, but becau time, they are not remembered; and he ma fore be justly numbered among the benefa mankind, who contracts the great rules of short sentences, that may be easily impresse memory, and taught by frequent recolle recur habitually to the mind.

However those who have passed thro the life of man, may now wonder that an require to be cautioned against corrupti will find, that they have themselves purcha conviction by many disappointments and v which an earlier knowledge would hav them; and may see, on every side, some ling themselves in perplexities, and some si to ruin, by neglect of the maxim of Bias.

Every day sends out, in quest of ple distinction, some heir fondled in ignora flattered into pride. He comes forth wi confidence of a spirit unacquainted with s and all the benevolence of a mind not yet by opposition, alarmed by fraud, or embi cruelty. He loves all, because he imagine the universal favourite. Every exchang tation produces new acquaintance, and quaintance kindles into friendship.

Every season brings a new flight of bea the world, who have hitherto heard onl own charms, and imagine that the heart *passion* but that of love. They are soon

by admirers whom they credit, because they tell them only what is heard with delight. Whoever gazes upon them is a lover; and whoever forces a sigh is pining in despair.

He surely is a useful monitor, who inculates to these thoughtless strangers, that the *majority are wicked;* who informs them, that the train which wealth and beauty draw after them, is lured only by the scent of prey; and that, perhaps, among all those who crowd about them with professions and flatteries, there is not one who does not hope for some opportunity to devour or betray them, to glut himself by their destruction, or to share their spoils with a stronger savage.

Virtue presented singly to the imagination or the reason, is so well recommended by its own graces, and so strongly supported by arguments, that a good man wonders how any can be bad; and they who are ignorant of the force of passion and interest, who never observed the arts of seduction, the contagion of example, the gradual descent from one crime to another, or the insensible depravation of the principles by loose conversation, naturally expect to find integrity in every bosom, and veracity on every tongue.

It is indeed impossible not to hear from those who have lived longer of wrongs and falsehoods, of violence and circumvention; but such narrratives are commonly regarded by the young, the heady, and the confident, as nothing more than the murmurs of peevishness, or the dreams of dotage; and notwithstanding all the documents of hoary wisdom, we commonly plunge into the world fearless and *credulous, without* any foresight of danger, or *apprehension of* deceit.

I have remarked, in a former paper, that credulity is the common failing of unexperienced virtue; and that he who is spontaneously suspicious, may be justly charged with radical corruption; for if he has not known the prevalence of dishonesty by information, nor had time to observe it with his own eyes, whence can he take his measures of judgment but from himself?

They who best deserve to escape the snares of artifice, are most likely to be entangled. He that endeavours to live for the good of others, must always be exposed to the arts of them who live only for themselves, unless he is taught, by timely precepts, the caution required in common transactions, and shewn at a distance the pitfals of treachery.

To youth, therefore, it should be carefully inculcated, that to enter the road of life without caution or reserve, in expectation of general fidelity and justice, is to launch on the wide ocean without the instruments of steerage, and to hope that every wind will be prosperous, and that every coast will afford a harbour.

To enumerate the various motives to deceit and injury, would be to count all the desires that prevail among the sons of men, since there is no ambition however petty, no wish however absurd, that by indulgence will not be enabled to overpower the influence of virtue. Many there are, who openly and almost professedly regulate all their conduct by their love of money; who have no reason for action or forbearance, for compliance or refusal, than that they hope to gain more by one than *by the other*. These are indeed the meanest and *cruelest of* human beings, a race with whom, a

with some pestiferous animals, the whole creation seems to be at war, but who, however, detested or scorned, long continue to add heap to heap, and when they have reduced one to beggary, are still permitted to fasten on another.

Others, yet less rationally wicked, pass their lives in mischief, because they cannot bear the sight of success, and mark out every man for hatred, whose fame or fortune they believe increasing.

Many, who have not advanced to these degrees of guilt, are yet wholly unqualified for friendship, and unable to maintain any constant or regular course of kindness. Happiness may be destroyed not only by union with the man who is apparently the slave of interest, but with him whom a wild opinion of the dignity of perseverance, in whatever cause, disposes to pursue every injury with unwearied and perpetual resentment; with him whose vanity inclines him to consider every man as a rival in every pretension; with him whose airy negligence puts his friend's affairs or secrets in continual hazard, and who thinks his forgetfulness of others secured by his inattention to himself; and with him whose inconstancy ranges without any settled rule of choice through varieties of friendship, and who adopts and dismisses favourites by the sudden impulse of caprice.

Thus numerous are the dangers to which the converse of mankind exposes us, and which can be avoided only by prudent distrust. He, therefore, that, remembering this salutary maxim, learns early to withhold his fondness from fair appearances, will have reason to pay some honours to Bias of Priene, who enabled him to become wise without the cost of experience.

N° 176. SATURDAY, NOV. 23,

——Naso suspendere adunco.

On me you turn the nose.——

THERE are many vexatious accidents and situations which raise little compassion sufferer, and which no man, but those wh immediately distress, can regard with seri Petty mischiefs, that have no influence o ty, nor extend their effects to the rest of always seen with a kind of malicious pleas mistake or embarrassment, which for the moment fills the face with blushes, and t with confusion, will have no other effe those who observe it than that of convulsi with irresistible laughter. Some circums misery are so powerfully ridiculous, that kindness nor duty can withstand them ; t down love, interest, and reverence, and f friend, the dependant, or the child, to giv instantaneous motions of merriment.

Among the principal of comick calamit be reckoned the pain which an author, hardened into insensibility, feels at the o furious critick, whose age, rank, or fortu him confidence to speak without reser heaps up one objection upon another, and his remarks, and enforces his corrections *tenderness* or awe.

The author full of the importance of

and anxious for the justification of every syllable, starts and kindles at the slightest attack; the critick, eager to establish his superiority, triumphing in every discovery of failure, and zealous to impress the cogency of his arguments, pursues him from line to line without cessation or remorse. The critick, who hazards little, proceeds with vehemence, impetuosity, and fearlessness: the author, whose quiet and fame, and life and immortality, are involved in the controversy, tries every art of subterfuge and defence; maintains modestly what he resolves never to yield, and yields unwillingly what cannot be maintained. The critick's purpose is to conquer, the author only hopes to escape; the critick therefore knits his brow and raises his voice, and rejoices whenever he perceives any token of pain excited by the pressure of his assertions, or the point of his sarcasms. The author whose endeavour is at once to mollify and elude his persecutor, composes his features and softens his accent, breaks the force of assault by retreat, and rather steps aside than flies or advances.

As it very seldoms happens that the rage of extemporary criticism inflicts fatal or lasting wounds, I know not that the laws of benevolence entitle this distress to much sympathy. The diversion of baiting an author has the sanction of all ages and nations, and is more lawful than the sport of teizing other animals, because, for the most part, he comes voluntarily to the stake, furnished, as he imagines, by the patron powers of literature, with resistless weapons and impenetrable armour, with *the mail of the* boar of Erymanth, and the paws *of the lion of* Nemea.

But the works of genius are someti
duced by other motives than vanity; and
necessity or duty enforces to write, is n
so well satisfied with himself, as not to b
raged by censorious impudence. It m
fore be necessary to consider how they wl
lication lays open to the insults of suc
obsurity secures against reprisals, may
themselves from unexpected encounters.

Vida, a man of considerable skill in the
of literature, directs his pupil wholly to
his defence, and even when he can irr
refute all objections, to suffer tamely th
tions of his antagonist.

This rule may perhaps be just, when
asked and severity solicited, because no
his opinion so freely as when he imag
ceived with implicit veneration; and criti
never to be consulted, but while error
be rectified or insipidity suppressed.
the book has once been dismissed into t
and can be no more retouched, I know
ther a very different conduct should nc
scribed, and whether firmness and spiri
sometimes be of use to overpower arro
repel brutality. Softness, diffidence, a
ration, will often be mistaken for imbe
dejection; they lure cowardice to the
the hopes of easy victory, and it will soo
that he whom every man thinks he can
shall never be at peace.

The animadversions of criticks are
such as may easily provoke the sedatest
some quickness of resentment and asp

ply. A man who by long consideration has familiarised a subject to his own mind, carefully surveyed the series of his thoughts, and planned all the parts of his composition into a regular dependance on each other, will often start at the sinistrous interpretations, or absurd remarks of haste and ignorance, and wonder by what infatuation they have been led away from the obvious sense, and upon what peculiar principles of judgment they decide against him.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any to all objects; the end of criticism is to supply its defects; rules are the instruments of mental vision, which may indeed assist our faculties when properly used, but produce confusion and obscurity by unskilful application.

Some seem always to read with the microscope of criticism, and employ their whole attention upon minute elegance, or faults scarcely visible to common observation. The dissonance of a syllable, the recurrence of the same sound, the repetition of a particle, the smallest deviation from propriety, the slightest defect in construction or arrangement, swell before their eyes into enormities. As they discern with great exactness, they comprehend but a narrow compass, and know nothing of the justness of the design, the general spirit of the performance, the artifice of connection, or the harmony of the parts; they never conceive how small a proportion that which they are busy in contemplating, bears to the whole, or how the petty inaccuracies with which they are offended, are *absorbed and lost in* general excellence.

Others are furnished by criticism with a telescope. They see with great clearness whatever is too remote to be discovered by the rest of mankind, but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They discover in every passage some secret meaning, some remote allusion, some artful allegory, or some occult imitation which no other reader ever suspected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the force of pathetick sentiments, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embellishments of fancy; of all that engages the attention of others, they are totally insensible, while they pry into worlds of conjecture, and amuse themselves with phantoms in the clouds.

In criticism, as in every other art, we fail sometimes by our weakness, but more frequently by our fault. We are sometimes bewildered by ignorance, and sometimes by prejudice, but we seldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourselves up to the direction of vanity.

N° 177. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1751.

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas. MART.

Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will be of serious consequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous. ROSCOM.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN I was, at the usual time, about to enter upon the profession to which my friends had de-

stined me, being summoned, by the death of my father, into the country, I found myself master of an unexpected sum of money, and of an estate which, though not large, was, in my opinion, sufficient to support me in a condition far preferable to the fatigue, dependance, and uncertainty of any gainful occupation. I therefore resolved to devote the rest of my life wholly to curiosity, and without any confinement of my excursions, or termination of my views, to wander over the boundless regions of general knowledge.

This scheme of life seemed pregnant with inexhaustible variety, and therefore I could not forbear to congratulate myself upon the wisdom of my choice. I furnished a large room with all conveniencies for study; collected books of every kind; quitted every science at the first perception of disgust; returned to it again as soon as my former ardour happened to revive; and having no rival to depress me by comparison, nor any critick to alarm me with objections, I spent day after day in profound tranquillity, with only so much complacence in my own improvements, as served to excite and animate my application.

Thus, I lived for some years with complete acquiescence in my own plan of conduct, rising early to read, and dividing the latter part of the day between economy, exercise, and reflection. But in time, I began to find my mind contracted and stiffened by solitude. My ease and elegance were sensibly impaired; I was no longer able to accommodate myself with readiness to the accidental *current of* conversation, my notions grew *particular and* paradoxical, and my phraseology for-

mal and unfashionable; I spoke, on common occasions, the language of books. My quickness of apprehension, and celerity of reply, had entirely deserted me: when I delivered my opinion, or detailed my knowledge, I was bewildered by an unreasonable interrogatory, disconcerted by any slight opposition, and overwhelmed, and lost in dejection, when the smallest advantage was gained against me in dispute. I became decisive, and dogmatical, impatient of contradiction, perpetually jealous of my character, insolent to such as acknowledged my superiority, and sullen and malignant to all who refused to receive my dictates.

This I soon discovered to be one of those intellectual diseases which a wise man should make haste to cure. I therefore resolved, for a time to shut my books and learn again the art of conversation; to defecate and clear my mind by brisker motions and stronger impulses, and to unite myself once more to the living generation.

For this purpose I hasted to London, and entreated one of my academical acquaintances, to introduce me into some of the little societies of literature, which are formed in taverns and coffee-houses. He was pleased with an opportunity of shewing me to his friends, and soon obtained me admission among a select company of curious men, who met once a week to exhilarate their studies and compare their acquisitions.

The eldest and most venerable of this society was Hirsutus, who, after the first civilities of my reception, found means to introduce the mention of his favourite studies, by a severe censure of those who want the due regard for their native country.

He informed me, that he had early withdrawn his attention from foreign trifles, and that since he began to addict his mind to serious and manly studies, he had very carefully amassed all the English books that were printed in the black character. This search he had pursued so diligently, that he was able to shew the deficiencies of the best catalogues. He had long since completed his Caxton, had three sheets of Treveris unknown to the antiquaries, and wanted to perfect Pynson but two volumes, of which one was promised him as a legacy by its present possessor, and the other he was resolved to buy, at whatever price, when Quisquilius's library should be sold. Hirsutus had no other reason for the valuing or slighting a book, than that it was printed in the Roman or the Gothlic letter, nor any ideas but such as his favourite volumes had supplied; when he was serious, he expatiated on the narratives of Johan de Trevisa, and when he was merry, regaled us with a quotation from the Shippe of Foles.

While I was listening to this hoary student, Ferratus entered in a hurry, and informed us with the abruptness of ecstacy, that his set of halfpence was now complete; he had just received, in a handful of change, the piece that he had so long been seeking, and could now defy mankind to outgo his collection of English copper.

Chartophylax then observed how fatally human sagacity was sometimes baffled, and how often the most valuable discoveries are made by chance. He had employed himself and his emissaries seven years *at great expence*, to perfect his series of *Gazettes, but had* long wanted a single paper,

which, when he despaired of obtaning it, him wrapped round a parcel of tobacco.

Cantilenus turned all his thoughts u ballads, for he considered them as the gen cords of the national taste. He offered me a copy of The Childern in the Wood he firmly believed to be of the first editi by the help of which, the text might from several corruptions, if this age of had any claim to such favours from him.

Many were admitted into this society a members, because they had collected old neglected pamphlets, or possessed some fra antiquity, as the seal of an ancient corpor charter of a religious house, the geneal family extinct, or a letter written in the Elizabeth.

Every one of these virtuosos looked associates as wretches of depraved taste an notions. Their coversation was, therefor and waspish, their behaviour brutal, their m bluntly sarcastick, and their seriousness gl suspicious. They were totally ignorant o passes, or has lately passed in the world; discuss any question of religious, politica tary knowledge; equally strangers to se politer learning, and without any wish t their minds, or any other pleasuse tha displaying rarities, of which they would others to make the proper use.

Hirsutus graciously informed me, that ber of their society was limited, but tha *sometimes* attend as an auditor. I wa *to find* myself in no danger of an hono

I could not have willingly accepted, nor gracefully refused, and left them without any intention of returning, for I soon found, that the suppression of those habits with which I was vitiated, required association with men very different from this solemn race.

I am, Sir, &c.

VIVACULUS.

It is natural to feel grief or indignation, when any thing, necessary or useful, is wantonly wasted or negligently destroyed; and therefore my correspondent cannot be blamed for looking with uneasiness on the waste of life. Leisure and curiosity might soon make great advances in useful knowledge, were they not diverted by minute emulation and laborious trifles. It may, however, somewhat mollify his anger to reflect, that perhaps none of the assembly which he describes, was capable of any nobler employment, and that he who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing. Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has at least this use, that it rescues the day from idleness, and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

N° 178. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1751.

Nusquam diutius volle sanaria fuit.

SENECA.

To yield to remedies is half the cure.

PYTHAGORAS is reported to have required from those whom he instructed in philosophy

a probationary silence of five years. Whether this prohibition of speech extended to all the parts of this time, as seems generally to be supposed, or was to be observed only in the school or in the presence of their master, as is more probable, it was sufficient to discover the pupil's disposition; to try whether he was willing to pay the price of learning, or whether he was one of those whose ardour was rather violent than lasting, and who expected to grow wise on other terms than those of patience and obedience.

Many of the blessings universally desired are very frequently wanted, because most men, when they should labour, content themselves to complain, and rather linger in a state in which they cannot be at rest, than improve their condition by vigour and resolution.

Providence has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immoveable boundaries, and has set different gratifications at such a distance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together. This great law it is the business of every rational being to understand, that life may not pass away in an attempt to make contradictions consistent, to combine opposite qualities, and to unite things which the nature of their being must always keep asunder.

Of two objects tempting at a distance on contrary sides, it is impossible to approach one but by receding from the other; by long deliberation and dilatory projects, they may be both lost, but can never be both gained. It is, therefore, necessary *to compare* them, and when we have determined *the preference*, to withdraw our eyes and on

thoughts at once from that which reason directs us to reject. This is the more necessary, if that which we are forsaking has the power of delighting the senses or firing the fancy. He that once turns aside to the allurements of unlawful pleasure, can have no security that he shall ever regain the paths of virtue.

The philosophick goddess of Boethius, having related the history of Orpheus, who, when he had recovered his wife from the dominions of death, lost her again by looking back upon her in the confines of the light, concludes with a very elegant and forcible application. "Whoever you are that "endeavour to elevate your minds to the illumina- "tions of Heaven, consider yourselves as repre- "sented in this fable; for he that is once so far "overcome as to turn back his eyes towards the "infernal caverns, loses at the first sight all that "influence which attracted him on high."

Vos hæc fabula respicit,
Quicunque in superum diem
Mentem ducere quæritis.
Nam qui Tartareum in specus
Victus lumina flexerit,
Quidquid præcipuum trahit,
Perdit, dum videt inferos.

It may be observed in general, that the future is purchased by the present. It is not possible to secure distant or permanent happiness, but by the forbearance of some immediate gratification. This is so evidently true with regard to the whole of our existence, that all the precepts of theology have no other tendency than to enforce a life of faith; a life regulated not by our senses but our *belief; a life in* which pleasures are to be re-

fused for fear of invisible punishments, and calamities sometimes to be sought, and always endured, in hope of rewards that shall be obtained in another state.

Even if we take into our view only that particle of our duration which is terminated by the grave, it will be found that we cannot enjoy one part of life beyond the common limitations of pleasure, but by anticipating some of the satisfaction which should exhilarate the following years. The heat of youth may spread happiness into wild luxuriance, but the radical vigour requisite to make it perennial is exhausted, and all that can be hoped afterwards is languor and sterility.

The reigning error of mankind is, that we are not content with the conditions on which the goods of life are granted. No man is insensible of the value of knowledge, the advantages of health, or the convenience of plenty, but every day shews us those on whom the conviction is without effect.

Knowledge is praised and desired by multitudes whom her charms could never rouse from the couch of sloth, whom the faintest invitation of pleasure draws away from their studies, to whom any other method of wearing out the day is more eligible than the use of books, and who are more easily engaged by any conversation, than such as may rectify their notions or enlarge their comprehensions.

Every man that has felt pain, knows how little all other comforts can gladden him to whom *health is denied*. Yet who is there does not *sometimes hazard* it for the enjoyment of an hour?

All assemblies of jollity, all places of publick entertainment, exhibit examples of strength wasting in riot, and beauty withering in irregularity; nor is it easy to enter a house in which part of the family is not groaning in repentance of past intemperance, and part admitting disease by negligence, or soliciting it by luxury.

There is no pleasure which men of every age and sect have more generally agreed to mention with contempt, than the gratifications of the palate; an entertainment so far removed from intellectual happiness, that scarcely the most shameless of the sensual herd have dared to defend it; yet even to this the lowest of our delights, to this, though neither quick nor lasting, is health with all its activity and sprightliness daily sacrificed; and for this are half the miseries endured which urge impatience to call on death.

The whole world is put in motion by the wish for riches, and the dread of poverty. Who, then, would not imagine that such conduct as will inevitably destroy what all are thus labouring to acquire, must generally be avoided? That he who spends more than he receives, must in time become indigent, cannot be doubted; but how evident soever this consequence may appear, the spendthrift moves in the whirl of pleasure with too much rapidity to keep it before his eyes, and, in the intoxication of gaiety, grows every day poorer, without any such sense of approaching ruin as is sufficient to wake him into caution.

Many complaints are made of the misery of life; and indeed it must be confessed, that we are subject to calamities by which the good and bad, the di-

ligent and slothful, the vigilant and heedless, equally afflicted. But surely though some dulgence may be allowed to groans extorte inevitable misery, no man has a right to repin evils which, against warning, against experie he deliberately and leisurely brings upon his head; or to consider himself as debarred f happiness by such obstacles as resolution break, or dexterity may put aside.

Great numbers who quarrel with their condi have wanted not the power but the will to obt better state. They have never contemplated difference between good and evil sufficientl quicken aversion or invigorate desire; they indulged a drowsy thoughtlessness or giddy le have committed the balance of choice to management of caprice; and when they have accustomed themselves to receive all that ch offered them, without examination, lament at that they find themselves deceived.

N° 179. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat.

JUV.

Democritus would feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ake.

DRYD

EVERY man, says Tully, has two character *one which he* partakes with all mankind, and

which he is distinguished from brute animals,—another, which discriminates him from the rest of his own species, and impresses on him a manner and temper peculiar to himself. This particular character, if it be not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it is always his business to cultivate and preserve.

Every hour furnishes some confirmation of Tully's precept. It seldom happens, that an assembly of pleasure is so happily selected, but that some one finds admission with whom the rest are deservedly offended; and it will appear on a close inspection, that scarce any man becomes eminently disagreeable, but by a departure from his real character, and an attempt at something for which nature or education have left him unqualified.

Ignorance or dulness have indeed no power of affording delight, but they never give disgust, except when they assume the dignity of knowledge, or ape the sprightliness of wit. Awkwardness and inelegance have none of those attractions by which ease and politeness take possession of the heart; but ridicule and censure seldom rise against them, unless they appear associated with that confidence which belongs only to long acquaintance with the modes of life, and to consciousness of unfailing propriety of behaviour. Deformity itself is regarded with tenderness rather than aversion, when it does not attempt to deceive the sight by dress and decoration, and to seize, upon fictitious claims, the prerogatives of beauty.

He that stands to contemplate the crowds that fill the streets of a populous city, will see many passengers whose air and motion it will be difficult

to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examines what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his risibility, he would find among them neither poverty nor disease, nor any involuntary or painful defect. The disposition to derision and insult is awakened by the softness of foppery, the swell of insolence, the liveliness of levity, or the solemnity of grandeur; by the sprightly trip, the stately stalk, the formal strut, and the lofty mien; by gestures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidences of importance.

It has, I think, been sometimes urged in favour of affection, that it is only a mistake of the means to a good end, and that the intention with which it is practised is always to please. If all attempts to innovate the constitutional or habitual character have really proceeded from publick spirit and love of others, the world has hitherto been sufficiently ungrateful, since no return but scorn has yet been made to the most difficult of all enterprizes, a contest with nature; nor has any pity been shewn to the fatigues of labour which never succeeded, and the uneasiness of disguise by which nothing was concealed.

It seems therefore to be determined by the general suffrage of mankind, that he who decks himself in adscititious qualities rather purposes to command applause than impart pleasure; and he is therefore treated as a man who by an unreasonable ambition usurps the place in society to which he has no right. Praise is seldom paid with willingness even to incontestible merit, and it can be no wonder that he who calls for it without desert is repulsed *with universal* indignation.

Affectation naturally counterfeits those excellencies which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment. We are conscious of our own defects, and eagerly endeavour to supply them by artificial excellence; nor would such efforts be wholly without excuse, were they not often excited by ornamental trifles, which he that thus anxiously struggles for the reputation of possessing them would not have been known to want, had not his industry quickened observation.

Gelasimus passed the first part of his life in academical privacy and rural retirement, without any other conversation than that of scholars, grave, studious, and abstracted as himself. He cultivated the mathematical sciences with indefatigable diligence, discovered many useful theorems, discussed with great accuracy the resistance of fluids, and though his priority was not generally acknowledged, was the first who fully explained all the properties of the catenarian curve.

Learning, when it rises to eminence, will be observed in time, whatever mist may happen to surround it. Gelasimus, in his forty-ninth year, was distinguished by those who have the rewards of knowledge in their hands, and called out to display his acquisitions for the honour of his country, and and dignity by his presence to philosophical assemblies. As he did not suspect his unfitness for common affairs, he felt no reluctance to obey the invitation, and what he did not feel he had yet too much honesty to feign. He entered into the world as a larger and more populous college, where his performances would be more publick, and his renown further extended; and imagined that he should find

his reputation universally prevalent, and the influence of learning everywhere the same.

His merit introduced him to splendid tables and elegant acquaintance; but he did not find himself always qualified to join in the conversation. He was distressed by civilities which he knew not how to repay, and entangled in many ceremonial perplexities, from which his books and diagrams could not extricate him. He was sometimes unluckily engaged in disputes with ladies with whom algebraic axioms had no great weight, and saw many whose favour and esteem he could not but desire, to whom he was very little recommended by his theories of the tides, or his approximations to the quadrature of the circle.

Gelasimus did not want penetration to discover that no charm was more generally irresistible than that of easy facetiousness and flowing hilarity. He saw that diversion was more frequently welcome than improvement, that authority and seriousness were rather feared than loved, and that the grave scholar was a kind of imperious ally, hastily dismissed when his assistance was no longer necessary.—He came to a sudden resolution of throwing off those cumbrous ornaments of learning, which hindered his reception, and commenced a man of wit and jocularity. Utterly unacquainted with every topic of merriment, ignorant of the modes and follies, the vices and virtues of mankind, and unfurnished with any ideas but such as Pappus and Archimedes had given him, he began to silence all inquiries with a jest instead of a solution, extended his face with a grin which he mistook for a smile, and in the place of a scientifick discourse, retailed

in a new language, formed between the college and the tavern, the intelligence of the newspaper.

Laughter, he knew, was a token of alacrity; and therefore, whatever he said or heard, he was careful not to fail in that great duty of a wit. If he asked or told the hour of the day, if he complained of heat or cold, stirred the fire, or filled a glass, removed his chair, or snuffed a candle, he always found some occasion to laugh. The jest was indeed a secret to all but himself; but habitual confidence in his own discernment hindered him from suspecting any weakness or mistake. He wondered that his wit was so little understood, but expected that his audience would comprehend it by degrees, and persisted all his life to shew by gross buffoonery how little the strongest faculties can perform beyond the limits of their own province.

N° 180. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1751.

Τεων ουδεν σοφος ιοθυμαντην δ Επικυρου ιασον
Πε τα μεν ζητειν, και τινες αι μοναδες.

AUTOMEDON.

On life, on morals, be thy thoughts employed;
Leave to the schools their atoms and their void.

IT is somewhere related by Le Clerc, that a wealthy trader, of good understanding, having the common ambition to breed his son a scholar, carried him to an university, resolving to use his

own judgment in the choice of a tutor
been taught, by whatever intelligence,
way to the heart of an academic, and a
entertained all who came about him wit
fusion, that the professors were lured b
of his table from their books, and floc
him with all the cringes of awkward co
This eagerness answered the merchant'
he glutted them with delicacies, and sol
with caresses, till he prevailed upon o
other to open his bosom, and make
of his competions, jealousies, and r
Having thus learned each man's chara
from himself, and partly from his acqua
resolved to find some other education
and went away convinced that a schola
no other tendency than to vitiate the
contract the understanding: nor wou
wards hear with patience the praises of
authors, being persuaded that scholars
must have been the same, and that Xe
Cicero were professors of some forme
and therefore mean and selfish, ignora
vile, like those whom he had lately
forsaken.

Envy, curiosity, and a sense of the i
of our present state, incline us to estir
vantages which are in the possession of
their real value. Every man must ha
what powers and prerogatives the vul
to be conferred by learning. A man
expected to excel the unlettered and un
even on occasions where literature is of
among weak minds, loses part of his

discovering no superiority in those parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rustics are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied; and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance are without reproach. But there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued, other accomplishments are neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by the desire of superfluous attainments. Raphael, in return to Adam's inquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelic counsel every man of letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties; he must be therefore *sometimes* awakened, and recalled to the *general condition* of mankind.

I am far from any intention to limit curiosity, or confine the labour of learning to arts of immediate and necessary use. It is only from the various essays of experimental industry, and the vague excursions of minds sent out upon discovery, that any advancement of knowledge can be expected, and though many must be disappointed in their labours yet they are not to be charged with having spent their time in vain; their example contributed to inspire emulation, and their miscarriages taught others the way to success.

But the distant hope of being one day useful or eminent, ought not to mislead us too far from that study, which is equally requisite to the great and mean, to the celebrated and obscure,—the art of moderating the desires, of repressing the appetites, and of conciliating or retaining the favour of mankind.

No man can imagine the course of his own life, or the conduct of the world around him, unworthy his attention; yet, among the sons of learning, many seem to have thought of every thing rather than of themselves, and to have observed every thing but what passes before their eyes: many who toil through the intricacy of complicated systems, are insuperably embarrassed with the least perplexity in common affairs; many who compare the actions, and ascertain the characters of ancient heroes, let their own days glide away without examination, and suffer vicious habits to encroach upon their minds without resistance or detection.

The most frequent reproach of the scholastic *race is the want* of fortitude, not martial, but philo*sophic. Men* bred in shades and silence, taught to

immure themselves at sunset, and accustomed to no other weapon than syllogism, may be allowed to feel terror at personal danger, and to be disconcerted by tumult and alarm. But why should he whose life is spent in contemplation, and whose business is only to discover truth, be unable to rectify the fallacies of imagination, or contend successfully against prejudice and passion? To what end has he read and meditated, if he gives up his understanding to false appearances, and suffers himself to be enslaved by fear of evils to which only folly or vanity can expose him, or elated by advantages to which, as they are equally conferred upon the good and bad, no real dignity is annexed?

Such, however, is the state of the world, that the most obsequious of the slaves of pride, the most rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the most officious of the whisperers of greatness, are collected from seminaries appropriated to the study of wisdom and of virtue, where it was intended that appetite should learn to be content with little, and that hope should aspire only to honours which no human power can give or take away.

The student when he comes forth into the world, instead of congratulating himself upon his exemption from the errors of those whose opinions have been formed by accident or custom, and who live without any certain principles of conduct, is commonly in haste to mingle with the multitude, and shew his sprightliness and ductility by an expeditious compliance with fashions or vices. The first smile of a man whose fortune gives him power to reward his dependants, commonly enchants him *beyond resistance*; the glare of equipage, the

sweets of luxury, the liberality of general promises, the softness of habitual affability, fill his imagination; and he soon ceases to have any other wish than to be well received, or any measure of right and wrong but the opinion of his patron.

A man flattered and obeyed, learns to exact grosser adulation, and enjoin lower submission. Neither our virtues nor vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little insolence;—pride cannot rise to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blandishment, or the sufferance of tameness. The wretch who would shrink and crouch before one that should dart his eyes upon him with the spirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he sees himself approached with a downcast look, and hears the soft address of awe and servility. To those who are willing to purchase favour by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed the haughtiness that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmness and integrity.

If, instead of wandering after the meteors of philosophy, which fill the world with splendour for a while, and then sink and are forgotten, the candidates of learning fixed their eyes upon the permanent lustre of moral and religious truth, they would find a more certain direction to happiness. A little plausibility of discourse, and acquaintance with unnecessary speculations, is dearly purchased, when it excludes those instructions which fortify the heart with resolution, and exalt the spirit to independence.

N° 181. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1751.

——*Neu fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.*

HOR.

Nor let me float in fortune's pow'r,
Dependant on the future hour.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

As I have passed much of my life in disquiet and suspence, and lost many opportunities of advantage, by a passion which I have reason to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myself well qualified to warn those who are yet uncaptivated, of the danger which they incur by placing themselves within its influence.

I served an apprenticeship with a linen-draper with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; and at the age of three and twenty opened a shop for myself with a large stock, and such credit among all the merchants who were acquainted with my master, that I could command whatever was imported curious or valuable. For five years I proceeded with success proportionate to close application and untained integrity; was a daring bidder *at every sale*, always paid my notes before

they were due; and advanced so fast in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

In this course of even prosperity, I was one day persuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The sum was inconsiderable,—part was to be repaid though fortune might fail to favour me, and therefore my established maxims of frugality did not restrain me from so trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almost forgotten till the time at which every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affair even then seem of any importance, till I discovered by the publick papers that the number next to mine had conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thought of such an approach to sudden riches, which I considered myself, however contrarily to the laws of computation, as having missed by a single chance; and I could not forbear to revolve the consequences which such a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity by degrees took possession of my imagination. The great delight of my solitary hours was to purchase an estate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine—and I never met my friends but I spoiled all their merriment, by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

At length another lottery was opened, and I had now so heated my imagination with the prospect of a prize, that I should have pressed among the first purchasers, had not my ardour been with-

held by deliberation upon the probability of success from one ticket rather than another. I hesitated long between even and odd; considered the square and cubic numbers through the lottery; examined all those to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at last fixed upon one, which, by some secret relation to the events of my life, I thought predestined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often mischievous; the ticket was sold, and its possessor could not be found.

I returned to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognostication, fixed upon another chance, but with less confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover, feel so much vexation from the slow pace of time, as I suffered between the purchase of my ticket and the distribution of the prizes. I solaced my uneasiness as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happiness; when the sun rose I knew it would set, and congratulated myself at night that I was so much nearer to my wishes. At last the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and sagacity with a despicable prize of fifty pounds.

My friends, who honestly rejoiced upon my success, were very coldly received. I hid myself a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without observation, and then returning to my shop, began to listen to another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was soon gratified; and having now found the vanity of conjecture, and inefficacy of computation, I resolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting however to divide them between *the even* and odd numbers, that I might

not miss the lucky class. Many concluiions did I form, and many experiments did I try, to determine from which of those tickets I might most reasonably expect riches. At last, being unable to satisfy myself by any modes of reasoning, I wrote the number upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amusement of throwing them in a garret; and examining the event by an exact register, found, on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the rest in three hundred and thirty thousand throws.

This experiment was fallacious; the first day presented the hopeful ticket, a detestable blank. The rest came out with different fortune, and in conclusion I lost thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the cast of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The shop was for the most part abandoned to my servants, and if I entered it, my thoughts were so ingrosed by my tickets, that I scarcely heard or answered a question, but considered every customer as an intruder upon my meditationt, whom I was in haste to dispatch. I mistook the price of my goods, committed blunders in my bills, forgot to file my receipts, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away; but I perceived the decline of my business with little emotion, because whatever deficience their might be in my gains, I expected the next lottery to supply.

Miscarriage naturally produces diffidence; I

began now to seek assistance against ill luck, by an alliance with those that had been more successful. I inquired diligently at what office any prize had been sold, that I might purchase of a propitious vender; solicited those who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets; and whenever I met with one that had in any event of his life been eminently prosperous, I invited him to take a larger share. I had, by this rule of conduct, so diffused my interest, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a sixteenth of ninety.

I waited for the decision of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the business of my trade with the usual neglect. The wheel at last was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long succession of sorrows and disappointments. I indeed often partook of a small prize, and the loss of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next; but my desires yet remained unsatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was suspended on those which remained yet undetermined. At last a prize of five thousand pounds was proclaimed; I caught fire at the cry, and inquiring the number found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among those on whose luck I depended, and of which I retained only a sixteenth part.

You will easily judge with what detestation of himself, a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had sold a prize which was once in his possession. It was to no purpose, that I represented to my mind the possibility of recalling the past, or the folly of *condemning* an act, which only its event

an event which no human intelligence could foresee, proved to be wrong. The prize which, though put into my hands had been suffered to slip from me, filled me with anguish; and knowing that complaint would only expose me to ridicule, I gave myself silently up to grief, and lost by degrees my appetite and my rest.

My disposition soon became visible; I was visited by my friends, and among them by Eumathes, a clergyman, whose piety and learning gave him such an ascendant over me, that I could not refuse to open my heart. "There are," said he, "few minds sufficiently firm to be trusted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himself inclined to anticipate futurity, and exalt possibility to certainty, should avoid every kind of casual adventure, since his grief must be always proportionate to his hope. You have long wasted that time, which, by a proper application, would have certainly, tho' moderately, increased your fortune, in a laborious and anxious pursuit of a species of gain, which no labour or anxiety, no art nor expedient, can secure or promote. You are now fretting away your life in repentance of an act, against which repentance can give no caution, but to avoid the occasion of committing it. Rouse from this lazy dream of fortuitous riches, which, if obtained, you could scarcely have enjoyed, because they could confer no consciousness of desert; return to rational and manly industry, and consider the mere gift of luck as below the care of a wise man."

N° 182. SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1751.

——*Dives qui fieri vult,*
Et cito vult fieri.

JUVEN.

The lust of wealth can never bear delay.

DRYD.

T has been observed in a late paper, that we are nreasonably desirous to separate the goods of fe from those evils which providence has connec-:d with them, and to catch advantages without ıying the price at which they are offered us. ;very man wishes to be rich, but very few have ıe powers necessary to raise a sudden fortune, ther by new discoveries, or by superiority of skill ı any necessary employment; and among lower nderstandings, many want the firmness and in-ustry requisite to regular gain and gradual ac-uisitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence by methods ıore compendious than those of labour, and more enerallypracticable than those of genius, proceeds ıe common inclination to experiment and hazard, nd that willingness to snatch all opportunities of rowing *rich by chance*, which, when it has once *ken possession of* the mind, is seldom driven out

either by time or argument, but continues to life in perpetual delusion, and generally e wretchedness and want.

The folly of untimely exultation and vi prosperity, is by no means peculiar to the pu ers of tickets; there are multitudes whose nothing but a continual lottery; who are within a few months of plenty and happine how often soever they are mocked with blan pect a prize fom the next adventure.

Among the most resolute and ardent votaries of chance may be numbered the n whose hope is to raise themselves by a w match; who lay out all their industry c assiduities of courtship, and sleep and wak no other ideas than of treats, compliments, g ans, and rivals.

One of the most indefatigable of this cl my old friend Leviculus, whom I have known for thirty years without some matri project of advantage. Leviculus was bred a merchant, and by the graces of his perso sprightliness of his prattle, and the neatness dress, so much enamoured his master's daughter, a girl of sixteen, that she declar resolution to have no other husband. Her after having chidden her for undutifulness, co ed to the match, not much to the satisfac Leviculus, who was sufficiently elated wi conquest to think himself entitled to a larg tune. He was, however, soon rid of his pe ty, for his mistress died before their marria He was now so well satisfied with his c

plishments, that he determined to commence
ine-hunter; and when his apprenticeship ex-
l, instead of beginning, as was expected, to
: the exchange with a face of importance, or
:iating himself with those who were most emi-
for their knowledge of the stocks, he at once
w off the solemnity of the counting-house,
pped himself with a modish wig, listened to wits
offee-houses, passed his evenings behind the
es in the theatres, learned the name of beauties
ıality, hummed the last stanzas of fashionable
s, talked with familiarity of high play, boast-
f his atchievements upon drawers and coach-
, was often brought to his lodgings at midnight
chair, told with negligence and jocularity of
ng a taylor, and now and then let fly a shrewd
ıt a sober citizen.

hus furnished with irresistible artillery, he
ed his batteries upon the female world, and in
irst warmth of self approbation, proposed no
:han the possession of riches and beauty united.
therefore paid his civilities to Flavilla, the
daughter of a wealthy shopkeeper, who, not
g accustomed to amorous blandishments or
:ctful addresses, was delighted with the novelty
ıve, and easily suffered him to conduct her to
ılay, and to meet her where she visited. Le-
us did not doubt but her father, however of-
:d by a clandestine marriage, would soon be
ıciled by the tears of his daughter and the
[of his son-in-law, and was in haste to con-
: the affair. But the lady liked better to be
ted than married, and kept him three years

in uncertainty and attendance. At last she fell in love with a young ensign at a ball, and having danced with him all night married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a small estate in the country, where, after his usual inquiries concerning the nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with Altilia, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himself, for whose favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They hovered round her with such jealous officiousness, as scarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. Leviculus, nevertheless, discovered his passion in a letter, and Altilia could not withstand the pleasure of hearing vows and sighs, and flatteries and protestations. She admitted his visits, enjoyed, for five years, the happiness of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarms, and amused herself with the various stratagems which were practised to disengage her affections. Sometimes she was advised with great earnestness to travel for her health, and sometimes entreated to keep her brother's house. Many stories were spread to the disadvantage of Leviculus, by which she commonly seemed affected for a time, but took care soon afterwards to express her conviction of their falsehood. But being at last satiated with this ludicrous tyranny, she told her lover, when he pressed for the reward of his services, that she was very sensible of his merit, but was resolved not to impoverish an ancient family.

He then returned to the town, and soon after *his arrival* became acquainted with Latronia, a

lady distinguished by the elegance of her equipage and the regularity of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and her prudence in her ceremony; and therefore Leviculus, who had scarcely confidence to solicit her favour, readily acquitted fortune of her former debts, when he found himself distinguished by her with such marks of preference as a woman of modesty is allowed to give. He now grew bolder, and ventured to breathe out his impatience before her. She heard him without resentment, in time permitted him to hope for happiness, and at last fixed the nuptial day, without any distrustful reserve of pin-money, or sordid stipulations for jointure and settlements.

Leviculus was triumphing on the eve of marriage, when he heard on the stairs the voice of Latronia's maid, whom frequent bribes had secured in his service. She soon burst into his room, and told him that she could not suffer him to be longer deceived; that her mistress was now spending the last payment of her fortune, and was only supported in her expence by the credit of his estate. Leviculus shuddered to see himself so near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his escape to the resentment of the maid, who, having assisted Latronia to gain the conquest, quarrelled with her at last about the plunder.

Leviculus was now hopeless and disconsolate, till one Sunday he saw a lady in the Mall, whom her dress declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad resplendence of her countenance, he guessed to have lately buried *some prosperous citizen*. He followed her home

and found her to be no less than the relict of Prune the grocer, who having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his estates real and personal. No formality was necessary in addressing madam Prune, and therefore Leviculus went next morning without an introductor. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; she then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, asked if he knew to whom he was talking, then shewed him thedoor, and again laughed to find him confused. Leviculus discovered that this coarseness was nothing more than the coquetry of Cornhill, and next day returned to the attack. He soon grew familiar to her dialect, and in a few weeks heard, without any emotion, hints of gay clothes with empty pockets, concurred in many sage remarks on the regard due to the people of property; and agreed with her in detestation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He sometimes presumed to mention marriage; but was always answered with a slap, a hoot, and a flounce. At last he began to press her closer, and thought himself more favourably received; but going one morning, with a resolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman from the neighbouring shop, of whom she had become enamoured at her window.

In these, and a thousand intermediate adventures, has Leviculus spent his time, till he is now grown grey with age, fatigue, and disappointment. *He begins* at last to find that success is not to be *expected*, and being unfit for any employment that

might improve his fortune, and unfurnished with any arts that might amuse his leisure, is condemned to wear out a tasteless life in narratives which few will hear, and complaints which none will pity.

N° 183. TUESDAY, DEC. 17, 1751.

Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erat.

LUCAN.

No faith of partnership dominion owns;
Still discord hovers o'er divided thrones.

THE hostility perpetually exercised between one man and another, is caused by the desire of many for that which only few can possess. Every man would be rich, powerful, and famous; yet fame, power, and riches, are only the names of relative conditions, which imply the obscurity, dependance, and poverty of great numbers.

This universal and incessant competition produces injury and malice by two motives, interest and envy; the prospect of adding to our possessions what we can take from others, and the hope of alleviating the sense of our disparity by lessening others, though we gain nothing to ourselves.

Of those two malignant and destructive powers, it *seems probable* at the first view, that interest has

the strongest and most extensive influence. It is easy to conceive that opportunities to seize what has been long wanted, may excite desires almost irresistible; but surely the same eagerness cannot be kindled by an accidental power of destroying that which gives happiness to another. It must be more natural to rob for gain, than to ravage only for mischief.

Yet I am inclined to believe, that the great law of mutual benevolence is oftener violated by envy than by interest, and that most of the misery which the defamation of blameless actions, or the obstruction of honest endeavours, brings upon the world, is inflicted by men that propose no advantage to themselves but the satisfaction of poisoning the banquet which they cannot taste, and blasting the harvest which they have no right to reap.

Interest can diffuse itself but to a narrow compass. The number is never large of those who can hope to fill the posts of degraded power, catch the fragments of shattered fortune, or succeed to the honours of depreciated beauty. But the empire of envy has no limits, as it requires to its influence very little help from external circumstances. Envy may always be produced by idleness and pride, and in what place will they not be found?

Interest requires some qualities not universally bestowed. The ruin of another will produce no profit to him who has not discernment to mark his advantage, courage to seize, and activity to pursue it; but the cold malignity of envy may be exerted in a torpid and quiescent state, amidst the gloom of stupidity, in the coverts of cowardice. He that ills by the attacks of interest, is torn by hungry

tigers; he may discover and resist his enemies. He that perishes in the ambushes of envy, is destroyed by unknown and invisible assailants, and dies like a man suffocated by a poisonous vapour, without knowledge of his danger, or possibility of contest.

Interest is seldom pursued but at some hazard. He that hopes to gain much, has commonly something to lose, and when he ventures to attack superiority, if he fails to conquer, is irrecoverably crushed. But envy may act without expence or danger. To spread suspicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate scandal, requires neither labour nor courage. It is easy for the author of a lie, however malignant, to escape detection, and infamy needs very little industry to assist its circulation.

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation: its effects therefore are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from publick affairs, will never want those who hint, with Shylock, that ships are but boards. The beauty, adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain or instruct, yet suffers persecution from innumerable criticks, whose acrimony is excited merely by

the pain of seeing others pleased, and of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar, that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw, with all the implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a publick enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world, and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations which, if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour gains as much as he takes away, and may improve his own condition in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blasts a flourishing reputation, *must be content* with a small dividend of additional

fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be preferred. It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority, and let those be reformed by their pride who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are commited against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is often marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is mere unmixed and genuine evil: it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity, but only that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns him, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being.

N° 184. SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1751.

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.

JUV.

Intrust thy fortune to the pow'rs above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.

DRYD.

As every scheme of life, so every form of writing, has its advantages and inconveniences, though not mingled in the same proportions. The writer of essays escapes many embarrassments to which a large work would have exposed him; he seldom harasses his reason with long trains of consequences, dims his eyes with the perusal of antiquated volumes, or burdens his memory with great accumulations of preparatory knowledge. A careless glance upon a favourite author, or transient survey of the varieties of life, is sufficient to supply the first hint or seminal idea, which enlarged by the gradual accretion of matter stored in the mind, is by the warmth of fancy easily expanded into flowers, and sometimes ripened into fruit.

The most frequent difficulty by which the authors of these petty compositions are distressed, arises from the perpetual demand of novelty and change. The compiler of a system of science lays his invention at rest, and employs only his judgment, the faculty exerted with least fatigue. Ev-

the relater of feigned adventures, when once the principal characters are established, and the great events regularly connected, finds incidents and episodes crowding upon his mind; every change opens new views, and the latter part of the story grows without labour out of the former. But he that attempts to entertain his reader with unconnected pieces, finds the irksomeness of his task rather increased then lessened by every production. The day calls afresh upon him for a new topick, and he is again obliged to choose, without any principle to regulate his choice.

It is indeed true, that there is seldom any necessity of looking far, or inquiring long, for a proper subject. Every diversity of art or nature, every publick blessing or calamity, every domestick pain or gratification, every sally of caprice, blunder of absurdity, or stratagem of affectation, may supply matter to him whose only rule is to avoid uniformity. But it often happens, that the judgment is attracted with boundless multiplicity, the imagination ranges from one design to another, and the hours pass imperceptibly away, till the composition can be no longer delayed, and necessity enforces the use of those thoughts which then happen to be at hand. The mind, rejoicing at deliverance on any terms from perplexity and suspense, applies herself vigorously to the work before her, collects embellishments and illustrations, and sometimes finishes, with great elegance and happiness, what in a state of ease and leisure she never had begun.

It is not *commonly* observed, how much, even *of actions considered* as particularly subject to

choice, is to be attributed to accident, or some cause out of our own power, by whatever name it be distinguished. To close tedious deliberations with hasty resolves, and after long consultations with reason to refer the question to caprice, is by no means peculiar to the essayist. Let him that peruses this paper review the series of his life, and inquire how he was placed in his present condition; he will find, that of the good or ill which he has experienced, a great part came unexpected, without any visible gradations of approach; that every event has been influenced by causes acting without his intervention; and that whenever he pretended to the prerogative of foresight, he was mortified with new conviction of the shortness of his views.

The busy, the ambitious, the inconstant, and the adventurous, may be said to throw themselves by design into the arms of fortune, and voluntarily to quit the power of governing themselves; they engage in a course of life in which little can be ascertained by previous measures; nor is it any wonder that their time is past between elation and despondency, hope and disappointment.

Some there are who appear to walk the road of life with more circumspection, and make no step till they think themselves secure from the hazard of a precipice; when neither pleasure nor profit can tempt them from the beaten path; who refuse to climb lest they should fall, or to run lest they should stumble, and move slowly forward without any compliance with those passions by which the *heady and* vehement are seduced and betrayed.

Yet even the timorous prudence of this wide

lass is far from exempting them from the
on of chance, a subtle and insidious power,
ll intrude upon privacy and embarrass cau-
No course of life is so prescribed and limi-
t that many actions must result from arbi-
ection. Every one must form the general
his conduct by his own reflections; he
solve whether he will endeavour at riches or
ent; whether he will exercise private or
virtues; whether he will labour for the
benefit of mankind, or contract his bene-
to his family and dependants.

question has long exercised the schools of
phy, but remains yet undecided; and what
there that a young man, unacquainted with
uments on either side, should determine his
stiny otherwise than by chance?

n chance has given him a partner of his
om he prefers to all other women, without
of superior desert, chance must again
im in the education of his children; for,
s ever able to convince himself by argu-
that he had chosen for his son that mode of
ion to which his understanding was best
, or by which he would most easily be
ise or virtuous?

ever shall inquire by what motives he has
ned on these important occasions, will find
ch as his pride will scarcely suffer him to
; some sudden ardour of desire, some un-
glimpse of advantage, some petty compe-
ome inaccurate conclusion, or some example
y reverenced. Such are often the first
f our resolves; for it is necessary to act,

but impossible to know the consequ
or to discuss all the reasons which c
on every part to inquisitiveness and

Since life itself is uncertain, not
life for its basis can boast much
this is but a small part of our pe
set out on a tempestuous sea in ques
where we expect to find rest, but
not sure of admission; we are not
of sinking in the way, but of be
meteors mistaken for stars, of bei
our course by the changes of the
losing it by unskilful steerage; it
pens, that cross winds blow us to
that meteors draw us aside from w
that negligence or error contribute
from mischiefs to which a direct
have exposed us. Of those that,
conclusions, involve themselves in c
out guilt, very few, however they
themselves, can be certain that c
would have been more successful.

In this state of universal uncerta
thousand dangers hover about us, an
whether the good that he pursues
disguise, or whether the next step w
safety or destruction, nothing can
tional tranquillity, but the convicti
ever we amuse ourselves with unide
thing in reality is governed by chan
universe is under the perpetual sup
him who created it; that our being
of omnipotent goodness, by whom
casual to us, is directed for ends

nd merciful; and that nothing can finally hurt im who debars not himself from the divine favour.

N° 185. TUESDAY, DEC. 24, 1751.

At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa,
Nempe hoc indocti.——
Chrysippus non dicit idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcique senex vicinis Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vincla cicutæ
Accusatori nollet dare.——Quippe minuti
Semper, & infirmi est animi, exiguique voluptas
Ultio.

But O! revenge is sweet.
Thus think the crowd; who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage.
Not so mild Thales nor Chrysippus thought,
Nor that good man who drank the pois'nous draught
With mind serene; and could not wish to see
His vile accuser drink as deep as he:
Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave,
Too noble for revenge; which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind.

DRYDEN.

To vicious dispositions of the mind more obstinately resist both the counsels of philosophy nd the injunctions of religion, than those which re complicated with an opinion of dignity; and hich we cannot dismiss without leaving in the *inds of opposition* some advantage iniquitously

obtained, or suffering from our own prejud
imputation of pusillanimity.

For this reason scarcely any law of
DEEMER is more openly transgressed, or
dustriously evaded, than that by which
mands his followers to forgive injuries, a
bits, under the sanction of eternal misery
tification of the desire which every ma
return pain upon him that inflicts it. N
could have conquered their anger are
combat pride, and pursue offences to ext
vengeance, lest they should be insulte
triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could bett
him, at whose birth peace was proclaim
earth. For, what would so soon destr
order of society, and deform life with vi
ravage, as a permission to every one to
own cause, and to apportion his own re
for imagined injuries?

It is difficult for a man of the strictest
to favour himself too much, in the ca
ments of solitary meditation. Every n
for the distinctions for which thousands a
at the same time, in their own opinion, v
claims. He that, when his reason ope
full force, can thus, by the mere pre
self-love, prefer himself to his fellow beir
unlikely to judge equitably when his p
agitated by a sense of wrong, and his
wholly engrossed by pain, interest, e
Whoever arrogates to himself the rig
geance, shows how little he is qualifie

his own claims, since he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Nothing is more apparent than that, however injured, or however provoked, some must at last be contented to forgive. For it can never be hoped, that he who first commits an injury, will contentedly acquiesce in the penalty required; the same haughtiness of contempt, or vehemence of desire that prompts the act of injustice, will more strongly incite its justification; and resentment can never so aptly balance the punishment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance, which even he who condemns his first action will think himself entitled to retaliate. What then can ensue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguishable feud, an incessant reciprocation of mischief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerness to destroy?

Since then the imaginary right of vengeance must be at last remitted, because it is impossible to live in perpetual hostility, and equally impossible, that of two enemies, either should first think himself obliged by justice to submission, it is surely eligible to forgive early. Every passion is more easily subdued before it has been long accustomed to possession of the heart; every idea is obliterated with less difficulty, as it has been more slightly impressed, and less frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleased himself with schemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied supplications of humbled enmity, will not easily open his bosom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle sentiments of benevolence and peace.

It is easiest to forgive, while there is yet little to be forgiven. A single injury may be soon dismissed from the memory; but a long succession of ill offices by degrees associates itself with ever idea, a long contest involves so many circumstances, that every place and action will recall it to the mind, and fresh remembrance of vexation must still enkindle rage and irritate revenge.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is an union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage, whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin, whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much *its guilt, if we* were to inspect the mind of him *that committed* it, would be extenuated by mis-

take, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacifick and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestick tranquillity, and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting ju-

tice, and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of man, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they have never examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended, and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the SAVIOUR of the world has been born in vain.

N° 186. SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 175

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura——
Dulce ridentem Lalagum, amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

HOR.

Place me where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year:
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph, who sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles.

FRANCIS.

Of the happines and misery of our present tate, part arises from our sensations, and part om our opinions; part is distributed by nature, nd part is in a great measure apportioned by rselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always ob- in, and positive pain we cannot often remove. No n can give to his own plantations the fragrance the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of losophy enable him to withdraw his attention n wounds or diseases. But the negative infeli- which proceeds, not from the pressure of suf- gs, but the absence of enjoyments, will always to the remedies of reason.

ne of the great arts of escaping superfluous iness, is to free our minds from that habit of aring our condition with that of others on *the blessings* of life are more bountifuly be-

stowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country, by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity, and while he stirs his fire or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenness of the earth and the severity of the skies in these dreary countries, are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger, should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct or diversify characters; the summer should be spent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for *the summer.*

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its

way into these abodes of poverty and gloom;—Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their criticks, and their poets; and love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlander's hut, as in the palaces of Eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves in which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same name, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer: she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among

other heroick and tender sentiments, that, "She was beautiful as the ve "and fragrant as the thyme upon the "that her fingers were white as the "morse, and her smile grateful as the "the ice; that he would pursue her, "should pass the snows of the midla "seek shelter in the caves of the e "bals; that he would tear her from t "of the genius of the rocks, snatch "paws of Amaroc, and rescue her "vine of Hasgufa." He concluded that, "whosoever shall attempt to hi "ion with Ajut, might be buried with "and that in the land of souls his skul "for no other use but to catch the "the starry lamps."

This ode being universally appla expected that Ajut would soon yield vour and accomplishments; but Ajut tural haughtiness of beauty, expected of courtship; and before she would c conquered, the sun returned, the ice b season of labour called all to their em

Anningait and Ajut for a time alw in the same boat, and divided whatever Anningait, in the sight of his mistres portunity of signalizing his courage; the sea-horses on the ice; pursued t the water; and leaped on the back c while he was yet struggling with th life. Nor was his diligence less to a that could be necessary to make win able; he dried the roe of fishes an

seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rock, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast required.—"How easily may my return be precluded by a "sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the "night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, "my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying "strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole "year is divided into short days and nights; where "the same habitation serves for summer and winter; where they raise houses in rows above the "ground, dwell together from year to year, with "flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about "them; can travel at any time from one place to "another, through ways inclosed with trees, or "over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries by the "sight of green hills or scattered buildings. Even "*in summer, we have no means of crossing the mountains, whose snows* are never dissolved; nor can

" remove to any distant residence, bu
" boats coasting the bays. Consider,
" few summer days, and a few winter ni
" the life of man is at an end. Night is
" of ease and festivity, of revels and gai
" what will be the flaming lamp, the delic
" or the soft oil, without the smile of Aj

The eloquence of Anningait was va
maid continued inexorable, and they pa
ardent promises to meet again before the
winter.

N° 187. TUESDAY, DECEMBER

Nah illum nostri possunt mutare labores,
Non si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibam
Sithoniasque nives hiemis subeamus aquos
Omnia vincit amor.

V

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not tho' beneath the Thracian clime we
Or the mild bliss of temperate skies foreg
And in mid winter tread Sithonian snow—
Love conquers all.—

D

Anningait, however discomposed b
tory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolve
no tokens of amorous respect;—and
fore presented her at his departure wi

of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of sea unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea side; and when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud, that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood awhile to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then, returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, — in which she prayed, "that her lover might have hands stronger than "the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the "feet of the rein-deer; that his dart might never "err, and that his boat might never leak; that "he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in "the water; that the seal might rush on his har-"poon, and the wounded whale might dash the "waves in vain."

The large boats in which the
transport their families are always ro
men; for a man will not debase hims
which requires neither skill nor coura
gait was therefore exposed by idleness
ges of passion. He went thrice to the
boat, with an intent to leap into the
swim back to his mistress; but rece
misery which they must endure in
without oil for the lamp, or skins for
resolved to employ the weeks of absen
sion for a night of plenty and felicity
composed his emotions as he could, an
in wild numbers and uncouth images,
his sorrows, and his fears: "O life
"frail and uncertain! where shall wr
"find thy resemblance, but on ice flo
"ocean? It towers on high, it sparkle
"while the storms drive and the wa
"the sun melts it above, and the rock
"below. What art thou, deceitful pl
"a sudden blaze streaming from the n
"plays a moment on the eye, mock
"veller with the hopes of light, and t
"es forever? What, love, art thou, b
"pool, which we approach without
"of our danger, drawn on by imperc
"grees, till we have lost all power of
"and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on
"of Ajut, while I had not yet called
"banquet, I was careless as the sleepin
"was merry as the singers in the sta
"*Ajut*, did I gaze upon thy graces?
"*fair*, did I call thee to the banquet

"faithful, my love,—remember Anningait,—and "meet my return with the smile of virginity. I "will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale,— "resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied "as the summer sun. In a few weeks I shall re- "turn prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roe- "fish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox "and hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide "of the seal shall shelter thee from cold, and the "fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait, having with these sentiments consoled his grief and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity,—and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and

soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befal her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat loaden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated, she remonstrated, she wept, and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and *the birds or* hares whom she had the fortune to ensnare; taking care at every hour when she was

not likely to be found, to view the sea every day that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to her own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach; where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars; others imagine, that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, *where oil is always* fresh, and provisions always

warm. The virgins sometimes throw
and a needle into the bay from which
maid departed; and when a Greenl
praise any couple for virtuous attachm
clares that they love like Anningait a

N° 188. SATURDAY, JANUAR

Si te colo, Sextè, non amabo.

The more I honour thee, the less I love.

Nowe of the desires dictated by va
general, or less blameable, than that o
tinguished for the arts of conversati
accomplishments may be possessed
portunity of exerting them, or want
danger that the defect can be often rem
as no man can live otherwise than in s
without hourly pleasure or vexation, fr
ness or neglect of those about him, th
giving pleasure is of continual use. F
frequently envied than those who hav
of forcing attention wherever they c
entrance is considered as a promise of
whose departure is lamented like the r
sun from the northern climates, as *a*
all that enlivens fancy or inspires gaiet
. *It is apparent* that to excellence in

art, some peculiar qualifications are necessary; for every one's experience will inform him, that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation holds no stated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion, whom we know to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

I question whether some abatement of character is not necessary to general acceptance. Few spend their time with much satisfaction under the eye of uncontestable superiority; and, therefore, among those whose presence is courted at assemblies of jollity, there are seldom found men eminently distinguished for powers or acquisitions. The wit, whose vivacity condemns slower tongues to silence, the scholar, whose knowledge allows no man to fancy that he instructs him, the critick, who suffers no fallacy to pass undetected, and the reasoner, who condemns the idle to thought, and the negligent to attention, are generally praised and feared, reverenced and avoided.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by sallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of *reply, is too often* what the Latins call the Sardi-

nian Laughter, a distortion of the face without gladness of heart.

For this reason, no style of conversation is more extensively acceptable than the narrative. He who has stored his memory with slight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almost every man listens with eagerness to contemporary history; for almost every man has some real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character, some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, he yet thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and pleases his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior society.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as another; and to relate them when they are known has in appearance so little difficulty, that every man concludes himself equal to the task.

But it is not easy, and in some situations of life not possible, to accumulate such a stock of materials as may support the expence of continual narration; and it frequently happens, that they who attempt this method of ingratiating themselves *please only* at the first interview; and, for want of

new supplies of intelligence, wear out their stores by continual repetition.

There would be, therefore, little hope of obtaining the praise of a good companion, were it not to be gained by more compendious methods; but such is the kindness of mankind to all, except those who aspire to real merit and rational dignity, that every understanding may find some way to excite benevolence; and whoever is not envied may learn the art of procuring love. We are willing to be pleased, but are not willing to admire; we favour the mirth or officiousness that solicits our regard, but oppose the worth or spirit that enforces it.

The first place among those that please, because they desire only to please, is due to the merry fellow, whose laugh is loud, and whose voice is strong; who is ready to echo every jest with obstreperous approbation, and countenance every frolick with vociferations of applause. It is not necessary to a merry fellow to have in himself any fund of jocularity or force of conception; it is sufficient that he always appears in the highest exaltation of gladness; for the greater part of mankind are gay or serious by infection, and follow without resistance the attraction of example.

Next to the merry fellow is the good-natured man, a being generally without benevolence, or any other virtue, than such as indolence and insensibility confer. The characteristick of a good-natured man is to bear a joke; to sit unmoved and unaffected amidst noise and turbulence, profaneness and obscenity; to hear every tale without contradiction; to endure insult without reply; and to

follow the stream of folly, whatever cours happen to take. The good-natured man monly the darling of the petty wits, wit they exercise themselves in the rudiment lery; for they never take advantage of faili disconcert a puny satirist with unexpe casms; but while the glass continues to c contentedly bears the expence of unint laughter, and retires rejoicing at his own ance.

The modest man is companion of a y rank, whose only power of giving pleasu to interrupt it. The modest man satisfie with peaceful silence, which all his compa candid enough to consider as proceeding inability to speak, but willingness to hear.

Many, without being able to attain an character of excellence, have some sing entertainment which serves them as a through the world. One I have known f years the darling of a weekly club, becau night, precisely at eleven, he begins his song, and during the vocal performance, responding motions of his hand, chalks ou on the wall. Another has endeared him long succession of acquaintances, by sittin them with his wig reversed; another by ing to smut the nose of any stranger wh be initiated in the club; another by pur a cat, and then pretending to be fright another by yelping like a hound, and c the drawers to drive out the dog.

Such are the arts by which cheerfulne *moted,* and sometimes friendship establish

which those who despise them should not rigorously blame, except when they are practised at the expence of innocence; for it is always necessary to be loved, but not always necessary to be reverenced.

N° 189. TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1752.

Quod tam grande sophos elamat tibi turba togata,
Non tu, Pomponi, cæna diserta tua est.

MART.

Resounding plaudits tho' the croud have rung;
Thy treat is eloquent, and not thy tongue.

F. LEWIS.

THE world scarcely affords opportunities of making any observation more frequently, than on false claims to commendation. Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot keep; so that scarcely can two persons casually meet, but one is offended or diverted by the ostentation of the other. Of these pretenders it is fit to distinguish those who endeavour to deceive from them who are deceived; those who by designed impostures promote their interest or gratify their pride, from them who mean only to force into regard their *latent excellencies* and neglected virtues; who be-

lieve themselves qualified to instruct or please, and therefore invite the notice of mankind.

The artful and fraudulent usurpers of distinction deserve greater severities than ridicule and contempt, since they are seldom content with empty praise, but are instigated by passions more pernicious than vanity. They consider the reputation which they endeavour to establish as necessary to the accomplishment of some subsequent design, and value praise only as it may conduce to the success of avarice or ambition.

The commercial world is very frequently put into confusion by the bankruptcy of merchants, that assumed the splendour of wealth only to obtain the privilege of trading with the stock of other men, and of contracting debts which nothing but lucky casualties could enable them to pay: till after having supported their appearance a while by the tumultuous magnificence of boundless traffick, they sink at once, and drag down into poverty those whom their equipages had induced to trust them.

Among wretches that place their happiness in the favour of the great, of beings whom only high titles or large estates set above themselves, nothing is more common than to boast of confidence which they do not enjoy; to sell promises which they know their interest unable to perform; and to reimburse the tribute which they pay to an imperious master, from the contributions of meaner dependants, whom they can amuse with tales of their influence and hopes of their solicitation.

Even among some, too thoughtless and volatile *for avarice* or ambition, may be found a species of

falsehood more detestable than the levee or exchange can shew. There are men that boast of debaucheries, of which they never had address to be guilty; ruin, by lewd tales, the characters of women to whom they are scarcely known, or by whom they have been rejected; destroy in a drunken frolick the happiness of families; blast the bloom of beauty, and intercept the reward of virtue.

Other artifices of falsehood, though utterly unworthy of an ingenious mind, are not yet to be ranked with flagitious enormities; nor is it necessary to incite sanguinary justice against them, since they may be adequately punished by detection and aughter. The traveller who describes cities which he has never seen; the squire who, at his return rom London, tells of his intimacy with nobles to whom he has only bowed in the park or coffeeouse; the author who entertains his admirers with stories of the assistance which he gives to wits of a higher rank; the city dame who talks of her visits at great houses, where she happens to know the cook-maid, are surely such harmless animals as truth herself may be content to despise without desiring to hurt them.

But of the multitudes who struggle in vain for distinction, and desplay their own merits only to feel more acutely the sting of neglect, a great part are wholly innocent of deceit, and are betrayed, by infatuation and credulity, to that scorn with which the universal love of praise incites us all to drive feeble competitors out of our way.

Few men survey themselves with so much severity, as not to admit prejudices in their own fa-

vour, which an artful flatterer may gr
strengthen, till wishes for a particular quali
are improved to hopes of attainment, and h
attainment to belief of possession. Such fl
every one will find, who has power to rewa
assiduities. Wherever there is wealth, th
be dependance and expectation, and w
there is dependance, there will be an emul
servility.

Many of the follies which provoks gene
sure, are the effects of such vanity as, ho
might have wantoned in the imagination,
scarcely have dared the public eye, had
been animated and emboldened by flattery.
ever difficulty there may be in the knowl
ourselves, scarcely any one fails to suspect
imperfections, till he is elevated by others
fidence. We are almost all naturally mod
timorous; but fear and shame are uneas
tions, and whosoever helps to remove
received with kindness.

Turpicula was the heiress of a large est
having lost her mother in her infancy, w
mitted to a governess whom misfortunes
duced to suppleness and humility. The
of Turpicula's father would not suffer him
her at a publick school, but he hired dc
teachers, and bestowed on her all the acc
ments that wealth could purchase. F
many things are necessary to happines
money cannot obtain! Thus secluded
with whom she might converse on terms
lity, she heard none of those intimation
defects, which envy, petulance, or anger,

among children, where they are not afraid of telling what they think.

Turpicula saw nothing but obsequiousness, and heard nothing but commendations. None are so little acquainted with the heart, as not to know that a woman's first wish is to be handsome, and that consequently the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty. Turpicula had a distorted shape and a dark complexion; yet, when the impudence of adulation had ventured to tell her of the commanding dignity of her motion, and the soft enchantment of her smile, she was easily convinced, that she was the delight or torment of every eye, and that all who gazed upon her felt the fire of envy or love. She therefore neglected the culture of an understanding which might have supplied the defects of her form, and applied all her care to the decoration of her person; for she considered that more could judge of beauty than of wit, and was, like the rest of human beings, in haste to be admired. The desire of conquest naturally led her to the lists in which beauty signalizes her power. She glittered at court fluttered in the park, and talked aloud in the front-box; but after a thousand experiments of her charms, was at last convinced that she had been flattered, and that her glass was honester than her maid.

N° 190. SATURDAY, JANUARY, 11, 1752.

Ploravere suis, non respondere favorem
Quæsitum meritis.

HOR.

Henry and Alfred——
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind.

POPE.

AMONG the emirs and visiers, the sons of valour and of wisdom, that stand at the corners of the Indian throne, to assist the councils or conduct the wars of the posterity of Timur, the first place was long held by Morad the son of Hanuth. Morad, having signalized himself in many battles and sieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wisdom and moderation was wafted to the pinnacles of Agra, by the prayers of those whom his administration made happy. The emperor called him into his presence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches and the sabre of command. The voice of Morad was heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean, every tongue faultered in his presence, and every eye was cast down before him.

Morad lived many years in prosperity; every *day increased* his wealth and extended his influence,

The sages repeated his maxims, the captains of thousands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and discontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatness is short and transitory, as the odour of incense in the fire. The sun grew weary of gilding the palaces of Morad, the clouds of sorrow gathered round his head, and the tempest of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad saw ruin hastily approaching. The first that forsook him were his poets; their example was followed by all those whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleasures, and only a few, whose virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be seen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. His accusers were confident and loud, his friends stood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was divested of his power, deprived of his acquisitions, and condemned to pass the rest of his life on his hereditary estate.

Morad had been so long accustomed to crowds and business, supplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in solitude; he saw with regret the sun rise to force on his eye a new day for which he had no use; and envied the savage that wanders in the desert, because he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chasing his prey, or sleeping in his den.

His discontent in time vitiated his constitution, and a slow disease seized upon him. He refused physick, neglected exercise, and lay down on his couch *peevish and* restless, rather afraid to die than

desirous to live. His domesticks, for a tim
doubled their assiduities; but finding that n
ciousness could sooth, nor exactness satisfy,
soon gave way to negligence and sloth, and h
once commanded nations, often languished
chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy state, he commanded m
gers to recal his eldest son Abouzaid fro
army. Abouzaid was alarmed at the acco
his father's sickness, and hasted by long jo
to his place of residence. Morad was yet l
and felt his strength return at the embraces
son; then commanding him to sit down at h
side, "Abouzaid," says he, "thy father has n
"to hope or fear from the inhabitants of the
"the cold hand of the angel of death is now
"him, and the voracious grave is howling f
"prey. Hear therefore the precepts of a
"experience, let not my last instructions issu
"in vain. Thou hast seen me happy and c
"tous, thou hast beheld my exaltation and m
"My power is in the hands of my enemie
"treasures have rewarded my accusers; b
"inheritance the clemency of the emper
"spared, and my wisdom his anger could no
"away. Cast thine eyes round thee; wh
"thou beholdest will in a few hours be
"apply thine ear to my dictates, and these
"sions will promote thy happiness. Aspi
"to publick honours, enter not the pala
"kings; thy wealth will set thee above
"let thy moderation keep thee below envy.
"tent thyself with private dignity, diffus
"*riches* among thy friends, let every day

"thy beneficence, and suffer not thy heart to be "at rest till thou art loved by all to whom thou "art known. In the height of my power, I said "to defamation, Who will hear thee? and to ar- "tifice, What canst thou perform? But my son, "despise not thou the malice of the weakest, re- "member that venom supplies the want of strength "and that the lion may perish by the puncture "of an asp."

Morad expired in a few hours. Abouzaid, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindness and endearment. He wisely considered, that domestick happiness was first to be secured, and that none have so much power of doing good or hurt as those who are present in the hour of negligence, hear the bursts of thoughtless merriment, and observe the starts of unguarded passion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by supernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himself upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers, who, being pursued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his servants; the servant immediately confessed that he unbarred the door, because another yet more worthy of confidence was entrusted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a dependant could not easily be made a friend; and that while many were soliciting for the first rank of favour, all those would be alienated whom he disappointed. He therefore resolved to associate with a few equal

companions selected from among the chief men of the province. With these he lived happily for a time, till familiarity set them free from restraint, and every man thought himself at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then disturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations and difference of sentiments, and Abouzaid was necessitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a close union with beings so discordant in their nature, and to diffuse himself in a larger circle. He practised the smile of universal courtesy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendship, now refused to accept his acquaintance; and of those whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one pressed forward toward intimacy, thought himself overlooked in the crowd, and murmured because he was not distinguished above the rest. By degrees all made advances, and all resented repulse. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the musick sounded in empty rooms; and Abouzaid was left to form in solitude some new scheme of pleasure or security.

Resolving now to try the force of gratitude, he inquired for men of science, whose merit was obscured by poverty. His house was soon crowded with poets, sculptors, painters, and designers, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a short time they forgot the distress from which *they* had been rescued, and began to consider their *deliverer* as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was

growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condescending to accept his bounties. Abouzaid heard their murmurs and dismissed them, and from that hour continued blind to colours and deaf to panegyrick.

As the sons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, Abouzaid, who stood at the gate, called to him Hamet the poet. "Hamet," said he, "thy ingratitude has put an end to my "hopes and experiments: I have now learned the "vanity of those labours that wish to be rewarded "by human benevolence; I shall henceforth do "good and avoid evil, without respect to the opi-"nion of men; and resolve to solicit only the ap-"probation of that Being whom alone we are "sure to please by endeavouring to please him."

N° 191. TUESDAY, JANUARY, 14, 1752.

Cerus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper.

HOR.

The youth——
Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears;
Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

DEAR MR. RAMBLER,

I HAVE been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from *three plays*, *nine* sales, five shows, and six card-

tables, and put me seventeen visits behind-hand; and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will settle in my head, and I shall not be fit to be seen these six weeks. But dear Mr. Rambler, how can I help it? At this very time Melissa is dancing with the prettiest gentleman;—she will breakfast with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions, and hear compliments, and have presents; then she will be drest and visit, and get a ticket to the play; then go to cards and win, and come home with two flambeaus before her chair. Dear Mr. Rambler, who can bear it?

My aunt has just brought me a bundle of your papers for my amusement. She says, you are a philosopher, and will teach me to moderate my desires, and look upon the world with indifference. But, dear Sir, I do not wish, nor intend to moderate my desires, nor can I think it proper to look upon the world with indifference, till the world looks with indifference on me. I have been forced, however, to sit this morning a whole quarter of an hour with your paper before my face; but just as my aunt came in, Phyllida had brought me a letter from Mr. Trip, which I put within the leaves, and read about absence, and inconsolableness, and ardour, and irresistible passion, and eternal constancy, while my aunt imagined that I was puzzling myself with your philosophy; and often cried out, when she saw me look confused, "If "there is any word that you do not understand, "child, I will explain it."

Dear soul! how old people that think themselves wise may be imposed upon! But it is fit *that they* should take their turn; for I am sure,

while they can keep poor girls close in the nursery, they tyrannize over us in a very shameless manner, and fill our imaginations with tales of terror, only to make us live in quiet subjection, and fancy that we can never be safe but by their protection.

I have a mamma and two aunts, who have all been formerly celebrated for wit and beauty, and are still generally admired by those that value themselves upon their understanding, and love to talk of vice and virtue, nature and simplicity, and beauty and propriety; but if there was not some hope of meeting me, scarcely a creature would come near them that wears a fashionable coat. These ladies, Mr. Rambler, have had me under their government fifteen years and a half, and have all that time been endeavouring to deceive me by such representations of life as I now find not to be true; but I know not whether I ought to impute them to ignorance or malice, as it is possible the world may be much changed since they mingled in general conversation.

Being desirous that I should love books, they told me that nothing but knowledge could make me an agreeable companion to men of sense, or qualify me to distinguish the superficial glitter of vanity from the solid merit of understanding; and that a habit of reading would enable me to fill up the vacuities of life without the help of silly or dangerous amusements, and preserve me from the snares of idleness and the inroads of temptation.

But their principal intention was to make me afraid of men; in which they succeeded so well for a time, that I durst not look in their faces, or be left alone with them in a parlour; for they

made me fancy, that no man ever spok
deceive, or looked but to allure; that
who suffered him that had once squeezed
to approach her a second time, was on
of ruin; and that she who answered a bil
out consulting her relations, gave love su
over her, that she would certainly becon
poor or infamous.

From the time that my leading-strings
ken off, I scarce heard any mention of m
but from the milliner, the mantua-maker,
own maid; for my mamma never said mo
she heard me commended, but "the gi
"well;" and then endeavoured to diver
tention by some inquiry after my needl
book.

It is now three months since I have be
ed to pay and receive visits, to dance at
assemblies, to have a place kept for m
boxes, and to play at lady Racket's ro
you may easily imagine what I think
who have so long cheated me with false
tions, disturbed me with fictitious terrors,
cealed from me all that I have found to
happiness of woman.

I am so far from perceiving the usefuln
cessity of books, that of I had not droppe
tensions to learning, I should have lost M
whom I once frighted into another box, b
ing some of Dryden's remarks upon a
for Mr. Trip declares, that he hates noth
hard words, and I am sure there is not
partner to be found; his very walk is a d
have talked once or twice among ladies ab

ciples and ideas, but they put their fans before their faces, and told me I was too wise for them, who for their part never pretended to read any thing but the play-bill, and then asked me the price of my best head.

Those vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books, I have never yet obtained; for consider, Mr. Rambler, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot rise early; as soon as I am up I dress for the gardens; then walk in the park; then always go to some sale or show, or entertainment at the little theatre; then must be dressed for dinner; then must pay my visits; then walk in the park; then hurry to the play; and from thence to the card-table. This is the general course of the day, when there happens nothing extraordinary; but sometimes I ramble into the country, and come back again to a ball; sometimes I am engaged for a whole day and part of the night. If at any time, I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have so many things to do, so many orders to give to the milliner, so many alterations to make in my clothes, so many visitants names to read over, so many invitations to accept or refuse, so many cards to write, and so many fashions to consider, that I am lost in confusion, forced at last to let in my company or step into my chair, and leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid.

This is the round of my day; and when shall I either stop my course, or so change it as to want a book? I suppose it cannot be imagined, that any of these diversions will soon be at an end. *There will always* be gardens, and a park, and *auctions, and shows*, and playhouses, and cards;

visits will always be paid, and clothes always be worn; and how can I have time unemployed upon my hands?

But I am most at a loss to guess for what purpose they related such tragick stories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were so malicious and destructive, have certainly now reformed their manners. I have not, since my entrance into the world, found one who does not profess himself devoted to my service, and ready to live or die, as I shall command him. They are so far from intending to hurt me, that their only contention is, who shall be allowed most closely to attend, and most frequently to treat me; when different places of entertainment, or schemes of pleasure are mentioned, I can see the eye sparkle and the cheeks glow of him whose proposals obtain my approbation: he then leads me off in triumph, adores my condescension, and congratulates himself that he has lived to the hour of felicity. Are these, Mr. Rambler, creatures to be feared? Is it likely that any injury will be done me by those who can enjoy life only while I favour them with my presence?

As little reason can I yet find to suspect them of stratagems and fraud. When I play at cards, they never take advantage of my mistakes, nor exact from me a rigorous observation of the game. Even Mr. Shuffle, a grave gentleman, who has daughters older than myself, plays with me so negligently, that I am sometimes inclined to believe he loses his money by design; and yet he is so *fond of play*, that he says he will one day take *me to his* house in the country, that we may try

by ourselves who can conquer. I have not yet promised him; but when the town grows a little empty, I shall think upon it; for I want some trinkets, like Letitia's, to my watch. I do not doubt my luck; but must study some means of amusing my relations.

For all these distinctions I find myself indebted to that beauty which I was never suffered to hear praised, and of which, therefore, I did not before know the full value. The concealment was certainly an intentional fraud, for my aunts have eyes like other people, and I am every day told that nothing but blindness can escape the influence of my charms. Their whole account of that world which they pretend to know so well, has been only one fiction entangled with another; and though the modes of life oblige me to continue some appearances of respect, I cannot think that they who have been so clearly detected in ignorance or imposture, have any right to the esteem, veneration, or obedience of,

SIR, Yours,

BELLARIA.

N° 192. SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1752.

Γινος ἐδεν ισχυει σοφια, τεχνος πειθανιας
Μονον αργυρου βλαστανει.
Ανωλετο πρωτος ευρων
Ος τον αργυρον φιλησας,
Δια τουτο ην αδελφος,
Δια τουτον ο τοκευς
Πολεμιος φανοι δι αυτου,
Τα δι χειρον, αλλυμεσθε
Δια τουτον οι φιλεντες.

ANACREON.

Vain the noblest birth would prove,
Nor worth nor wit avail in love;
'Tis gold alone succeeds—by gold
The venal sex is bought and sold.
Accurs'd be he who first of yore
Discover'd the pernicous ore!
This sets a brother's heart on fire,
And arms the son against the sire;
And what, alas! is worse than all,
To this the lover owes his fall.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM the son of a gentleman, whose ancestors, for many ages, held the first rank in the country; till at last one of them, too desirous of popularity, set his house open, kept a table covered with continual profusion, and distributed his beef and ale to such as chose rather to live upon the folly o

others than their own labour, with such thoughtless liberality, that he left a third part of his estate mortgaged. His successor, a man of spirit, scorned to impair his dignity by parsimonious retrenchments, or to admit, by a sale of his lands, any participation of the rights of his manor; he therefore made another mortgage to pay the interest of the former, and pleased himself with the reflection, that his son would have the hereditary estate without the diminution of an acre.

Nearly resembling this was the practice of my wise progenitors for many ages. Every man boasted the antiquity of his family, resolved to support the dignity of his birth, and lived in splendour and plenty at the expence of his heir, who, sometimes by a wealthy marriage, and sometimes by lucky legacies, discharged part of the incumbrances, and thought himself entitled to contract new debts, and to leave to his children the same inheritance of embarrassment and distress.

Thus the estate perpetually decayed; the woods were felled by one, the park ploughed by another, the fishery let to farmers by a third; at last the old hall was pulled down to spare the cost of reparation, and part of the materials sold to build a small house with the rest. We were now openly degraded from our original rank, and my father's brother was allowed with less reluctance to serve an apprenticeship, though we never reconciled ourselves heartily to the sound of haberdasher, but always talked of warehouses and a merchant, and when the wind happened to blow loud, affected to pity the hazards of commerce, and to sympathize with the solicitude of my poor uncle, who had the

true retailer's terror of adventure, and never exposed himself or his property to any wider water than the Thames.

In time, however, by continual profit and small expences, he grew rich, and began to turn his thoughts towards rank. He hung the arms of the family over his parlour-chimney; pointed at a chariot decorated only with a cypher; became of opinion that money could not make a gentleman; resented the petulance of upstarts; told stories of alderman Puff's grandfather the porter; wondered that there was no better method for regulating precedence; wished for some dress peculiar to men of fashion; and when his servant presented a letter, always inquired whether it came from his brother the esquire.

My father was careful to send him game by every carrier, which, though the conveyance often cost more than the value, was well received, because it gave him an opportunity of calling his friends together, describing the beauty of his brother's seat, and lamenting his own folly, whom no remonstrances could withhold from polluting his fingers with a shop book.

The little presents which we sent were always returned with great munificence. He was desirous of being the second founder of his family, and could not bear that we should be any longer outshone by those whom we consider as climbers upon our ruins, and usurpers of our fortune. He furnished our house with all the elegance of fashionable expence, and was careful to conceal his bounties, lest the poverty of his family should be suspected.

length it happened, that, by misconduct like
vn, a large estate, which had been purchased
us, was again exposed to the best bidder.
ncle, delighted with an opportunity of rein-
g the family in their possessions, came down
:reasures scarcely to be imagined in a place
commerce has not made large sums familiar,
once drove all the competitors away, expe-
the writings, and took possession. He now
ered himself as superior to trade, disposed of
ock, and as soon as he had settled his œco-
began to shew his rural sovereignty, by
ng the hedges of his tenants in hunting, and
g the guns or nets of those whose fortunes
t qualify them for sportsmen. He soon af-
ds solicited the office of sheriff, from which
neighbours were glad to be reprieved, but
he regarded as a resumption of ancestral
, and a kind of restoration to blood after the
ler of a trade.

uncle, whose mind was so filled with this
e of his condition, that he found no want of
tick entertainment, declared himself too old
ry, and resolved to let the newly-purchased
fall into the regular channel of inheritance.
therefore considered as heir-apparent, and
d with officiousness and caresses, by the
men who had hitherto coldly allowed me
ink which they could not refuse, depressed
th studied neglect, and irritated me with am-
is insults.

lt not much pleasure from the civilities for
I knew myself indebted to my uncle's ap-

dustry, till by one of the invitations which day now brought me, I was induced to sp week with Lucius, whose daughter Flavilla often seen and admired like others, witho thought of nearer approaches. The ineq which had hitherto kept me at a distance now levelled, I was received with every evi of respect; Lucius told me the fortune wh intended for his favourite daughter, many o cidents obliged us to be often together w company, and I soon began to find that the spreading for me the nets of matrimony.

Flavilla was all softness and complaisanc who had been excluded by a narrow fortun much acquaintance with the world, and neve honoured before with the notice of so fine a was easily enamoured. Lucius either per my passion, or Flavilla betrayed it; care was that our private meetings should be less fre and my charmer confessed by her eyes how pain she suffered from our restraint. I re my visit upon every pretence, but was not al one interview without witness; at last I de my passion to Lucius, who received me as worthy of his daughter, and told me that n was wanting to his consent, but that my uncle settle his estate upon me. I objected the cency of encroaching on his life, and the of provoking him by such an unseasonab mand. Lucius seemed not to think dece much importance, but admitted the danger pleasing, and concluded that as he was n and sickly, we might, without any inconver wait for his death.

With this resolution I was better contented, as it procured me the company of Flavilla, in which the days passed away amidst continual rapture; but in time I began to be ashamed of sitting idle, in expectation of growing rich by the death of my benefactor, and proposed to Lucius many schemes of raising my own fortune by such assistance as I knew my uncle willing to give me. Lucius, afraid lest I should change my affection in absence, diverted me from my design by dissuasives to which my passion easily listened. At last my uncle died, and considering himself as neglected by me, from the time that Flavilla took possession of my heart, left his estate to my younger brother, who was always hovering about his bed, and relating stories of my pranks and extravagance, my contempt of the commercial dialect, and my impatience to be selling stock.

My condition was soon known, and I was no longer admitted by the father of Flavilla. I repeated the protestations of regard, which had been formerly returned with so much ardour, in a letter which she received privately, but returned by her father's footman. Contempt has driven out my love, and I am content to have purchased, by the loss of fortune, an escape from a harpy who has joined the artifices of age to the allurements of youth. I am now going to pursue my former projects with a legacy which my uncle bequeathed me, and if I succeed, shall expect to hear of the repentance of Flavilla.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

CONSTANTIUS.

N° 193. TUESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1752.

Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

HOR.

Or art thou vain? books yield a certain spell,
To stop thy tumour; you shall cease to swell
When you have read them thrice, and studied well.

CREECH.

WHATEVER is universally desired, will be sought by industry and artifice, by merit and crimes, by means good and bad, rational and absurd, according to the prevalence of virtue or vice, of wisdom or folly. Some will always mistake the degree of their own desert, and some will desire that others may mistake it. The cunning will have recourse to stratagem, and the powerful to violence, for the attainment of their wishes; some will stoop to theft, and others venture upon plunder.

Praise is so pleasing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almost all our actions. The desire of commendation, as of every thing else, is varied indeed by innumerable differences of temper, capacity, and knowledge; some have no higher wish than for the applause of a club; some expect the acclamations of a county; and some *have hoped* to fill the mouths of all ages and nations

their names. Every man pants for the
t eminence within his view; none, how-
ever sinks below the hope of being distin-
d by his fellow-beings, and very few have,
gnanimity or piety, been so raised above it,
act wholly without regard to censure or
n.

be praised, therefore, every man resolves;
solutions will not execute themselves. That
all think too parsimoniously distributed to
wn claims, they will not gratuitously squander
others, and some expedient must be tried,
nich praise may be gained before it can be
d.

ong the innumerable bidders for praise, some
ling to purchase at the highest rate, and offer
nd health, fortune and life. Yet even of
only a small part have gained what they so
ly desired; the student wastes away in
tion, and the soldier perishes on the ramparts;
nless some accidental advantage co-operates
nerit, neither perseverance nor adventure at-
ttention, and learning and bravery sink into
ave, without honour or remembrance.

ambition and vanity generally expect to be
ed on easier terms. It has been long ob-
, that what is procured by skill or labour to
it possessor, may be afterwards transferred for
; and that the man of wealth may partake
acquisitions of courage without hazard, and
products of industry without fatigue. It
asily discovered, that riches would obtain
among other conveniences, and that he whose
was unluckily associated with laziness, ignor-

ance, or cowardice, needed only to pay the hire of a panegyrist, and he might be regaled with periodical eulogies; might determine, at leisure, what virtue or science he would be pleased to appropriate, and be lulled in the evening with soothing serenades, or waked in the morning by sprightly gratulations.

The happiness which mortals receive from the celebration of beneficence which never relieved, eloquence which never persuaded, or elegance which never pleased, ought not to be envied or disturbed, when they are known honestly to pay for their entertainment. But there are unmerciful exactors of adulation, who withhold the wages of venality; retain their encomiast from year to year by general promises and ambiguous blandishments; and when he has run through the whole compass of flattery, dismiss him with contempt, because his vein of fiction is exhausted.

A continual feast of commendation is only to be obtained by merit or by wealth; many are therefore obliged to content themselves with single morsels, and recompense the infrequency of their enjoyment by excess and riot, whenever fortune sets the banquet before them. Hunger is never delicate; they who are seldom gorged to the full with praise, may be safely fed with gross compliments; for the appetite must be satisfied before it is disgusted.

It is easy to find the moment at which vanity is eager for sustenance, and all that inpudence or servility can offer will be well received. When any one complains of the want of what he is known to

possess in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted. When the trader pretends anxiety about the payment of his bills, or the beauty remarks how frightfully she looks, then is the lucky moment to talk of riches or of charms, of the death of lovers, or the honour of a merchant.

Others there are yet more open and artless, who, instead of suborning a flatterer, are content to supply his place, and, as some animals impregnate themselves, swell with the praises which they hear from their own tongues. *Recte is dicitur laudare sese, cui nemo alius contigit laudator.* "It is right," says Erasmus, "that he whom none else will commend, should bestow commendations on himself." Of all the sons of vanity, these are surely the happiest and greatest; for, what is greatness or happiness but independance on external influences, exemption from hope or fear, and the power of supplying every want from the common stores of nature, which can neither be exhausted nor prohibited? Such is the wise man of the Stoicks; such is the divinity of the Epicureans, and such is the flatterer of himself. Every other enjoyment malice may destroy; every other panegyrick envy may withhold; but no human power can deprive the boaster of his own encomiums. Infamy may hiss, or contempt may growl, the hirelings of the great may follow fortune, and the votaries of truth may attend on virtue; but his pleasures still remain the same: he can always listen with rapture to himself, and leave those who dare not repose upon their own attestation, to be elated or depressed by

chance, and toil on in the hopeless task of fixing caprice and propitiating malice.

This art of happiness has been long practised by periodical writers, with little apparent violation of decency. When we think our excellencies overlooked by the world, or desire to recal the attention of the publick to some particular performance, we sit down with great composure and write a letter to ourselves. The correspondent, whose character we assume, always addreses us with the deference due to a superior intelligence; proposes his doubts with a proper sense of his own inability; offers an objection with trembling diffidence; and at last has no other pretensions to our notice than his profundity of respect, and sincerity of admiration, his submission to our dictates, and zeal for our success. To such a reader it is impossible to refuse regard, nor can it easily be imagined with how much alacrity we snatch up the pen which indignation or despair had condemned to inactivity, when we find such candour and judgment yet remaining in the world.

A letter of this kind I had lately the honour of perusing, in which, tho' some of the periods were negligently closed, and some expressions of familiarity were used, which I thought might teach others to address me with too little reverence, I was so much delighted with the passages in which mention was made of universal learning—unbounded genius—soul of Homer, Pythagoras, and Plato—solidity of thought—accuracy of distinction—elegance of combination—vigour of fancy—strength of *reason*—and regularity of composition—that I *had once* determined to lay it before the publick.

Three times I sent it to the printer, and three times I fetched it back. My modesty was on the point of yielding, when, reflecting that I was about to waste panegyricks on myself, which might be more profitably reserved for my patron, I locked it up for a better hour, in compliance with the farmer's principle, who never eats at home what he can carry to the market.

N° 194. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1752.

Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem quatit arma fritillo.
JUV.

If gaming does an aged sire entice,
Then my young master swiftly learns the vice,
And shakes in hanging sleeves the little box and dice.
J. DRYDEN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THAT vanity which keeps every man important in his own eyes, inclines me to believe that neither you nor your readers have yet forgotten the name of Eumathes, who sent you a few months ago an account of his arrival at London with a young nobleman his pupil. I shall therefore continue my narrative without preface or recapitula-

My pupil, in a very short time, by his mother's countenance and direction, accomplished himself with all those qualifications which constitute puerile politeness. He became in a few days a perfect master of his hat, which with a careless nicety he could put off or on, without any need to adjust it by a second motion. This was not attained but by frequent consultations with his dancing-master and constant practice before the glass, for he had some rustick habits to overcome; but what will not time and industry perform? A fortnight more furnished him with all the airs and forms of familiar and respectful salutation, from the clap on the shoulder to the humble bow; he practises the stare of strangeness, and the smile of condescension, the solemnity of promise, and the graciousness of encouragement, as if he had been nursed at a levee and pronounces with no less propriety than his father, the monosyllables of coldness, and sonorous periods of respectful profession.

He immediately lost the reserve and timidity which solitude and study are apt to impress upon the most courtly genius; was able to enter a crowded room with airy civility; to meet the glances of a hundred eyes without perturbation and address those whom he never saw before with ease and confidence. In less than a month his mother declared her satisfaction at his proficiency by a triumphant observation, that she believed *nothing would make him blush.*

The silence with which I was contented to hear my pupil's praises, gave the lady reason to suspect me not much delighted with his acquisitions; but she attributed my discontent to the diminution of

my influence, and my fears of losing the patronage of the family; and though she thinks favourably of my learning and morals, she considers me as wholly unacquainted with the customs of the polite part of mankind; and therefore not qualified to form the manners of a young nobleman, or communicate the knowledge of the world. This knowledge she comprises in the rules of visiting, the history of the present hour, an early intelligence of the change of fashions, an extensive acquaintance with the names and faces of persons of rank, and a frequent appearance in places of resort.

All this my pupil pursues with great application. He is twice a-day in the Mall, where he studies the dress of every man splendid enough to attract his notice, and never comes home without some observation upon sleeves, button holes, and embroidery. At his return from the theatre, he can give an acount of the gallantries, glances, whispers, smiles, sighs, flirts, and blushes of every box, so much to his mother's satisfaction, that when I attempted to resume my character, by inquiring his opinion of the sentiments and diction of the tragedy, she at once repressed my criticism, by telling me, *that she hoped he did not go to lose his time in attending to the creatures on the stage.*

But his acuteness was most eminently signalized at the masquerade, where he discovered his acquaintance through their disguises, with such wonderful facility, as has afforded the family an inexhaustible topick of conversation. Every new visitor is informed how one was detected by his gait, and another by the swing of his arms, a third by the *toss of his* head, and another by his favourite

phrase; nor can you doubt but these performances receive their just applause, and a genius thus hastening to maturity is promoted by every art of cultivation.

Such have been his endeavours, and such his assistances, that every trace of literature was soon obliterated. He has changed his language with his dress, and instead of endeavouring at purity or propriety, has no other care than to catch the reigning phrase and current exclamation, till by copying whatever is peculiar in the talk of all those whose birth or fortune entitle them to imitation, he has collected every fashionable barbarism of the present winter, and speaks a dialect not to be understood among those who form their style by poring upon authors.

To this copiousness of ideas and felicity of language, he has joined such eagerness to lead the conversation, that he is celebrated among the ladies as the prettiest gentleman that the age can boast of, except that some who love to talk themselves think him too forward, and others lament that, with so much wit and knowledge, he is not taller.

His mother listens to his observations with her eyes sparkling and her heart beating, and can scarcely contain, in the most numerous assemblies, the expectations which she has formed for his future eminence. Women, by whatever fate, always judge absurdly of the intellects of boys. The vivacity and confidence which attract female admiration, are seldom produced in the early part of life, but by ignorance at least, if not by stupidity; for they proceed not from confidence of right, *but fearlessness* of wrong. Whoever has a clear

sion, must have quick sensibility, and
: has no sufficient reason to trust his own
t, will proceed with doubt and caution,
ıe perpetually dreads the disgrace of error.
, of miscarriage is naturally proportionate
sire of excellence; and therefore, till men
ened by long familiarity with reproach,
ttained, by frequent struggles, the art of
ng their emotions, diffidence is found the
)le associate of understanding.

) little distrust has my pupil of his own
that he has for some time professed him-
:, and tortures his imagination on all oc-
for burlesque and jocularity. How he
a character which, perhaps, no man ever
without repentance, may be easily con-
Wit, you know, is the unexpected copu-
ideas, the discovery of some occult rela-
veen images in appearance remote from
er; an effusion of wit, therefore, presup-
accumulation of knowledge; a memory
ith notions, which the imagination may
to compose new assemblages. Whatever
he native vigour of the mind, she can
rm any combinations from few ideas, as
anges can never be rung upon a few bells.
t may indeed sometimes produce a lucky
)r a striking contrast; but these gifts of
re not frequent; and he that has nothing
m, and yet condemns himself to needless
, must live upon loans or theft.

ndulgence which his youth has hitherto
, and the respect which his rank secures,
herto supplied the want of intellectual

qualifications; and he imagines that all admire wh applaud, and that all who laugh are pleased. H therefore returns every day to the charge with i crease of courage, though not of strength, an practises all the tricks by which wit is counte feited. He lays trains for a quibble; he contriv blunders for his footman; he adapts old stories t present characters; he mistakes the question, th he may return a smart answer; he anticipates th argument, that he may plausibly object; when h has nothing to reply, he repeats the last words o his antagonist, then says, "your humble servant, and concludes with a laugh of triumph.

These mistakes I have honestly attempted t correct; but what can be expected from reaso unsupported by fashion, splendour, or authority He hears me, indeed, or appears to hear me, b is soon rescued from the lecture by more pleasin avocations; and shows, diversions, and caresse drive my precepts from his remembrance.

He at last imagines himself qualified to ent the world, and has met with adventures in his fir sally, which I shall, by your paper, communica to the publick. I am, &c.

EUMATHE

№ 195. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1752.

——Nescit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet; ludere doctior
Seu Græco jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetita legibus alea.

HOR.

Nor knows our youth, of noblest race,
To mount the managed steed, or urge the chase;
More skill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice.

FRAN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

FAVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred. This is particularly true of the gratification of curiosity; he that long delays a story, and suffers his auditor to torment himself with expectation, will seldom be able to recompense the uneasiness, or equal the hope which he suffers to be raised.

For this reason, I have already sent you the continuation of my pupil's history, which, though it contains no events very uncommon, may be of use to young men who are in too much haste to trust their own prudence, and quit the wing of protection before they are able to shift for themselves.

When he first settled in London, he was so much bewildered in the enormous extent of the

town, so confounded by incessant noise, and
and hurry, and so terrified by rural narr
the arts of sharpers, the rudeness of th
lace, malignity of porters, and treac
coachmen, that he was afraid to go bey
door without an attendant, and imagine
in danger if he was obliged to pass the
night in any vehicle but his mother's cha

He was therefore contented, for a tim
should accompany him in all his excursion
his fear abated as he grew more familiar
objects; and the contempt to which his
exposed him from such of his companion
accidentally known the town longer, obli
to dissemble his remaining terrors.

His desire of liberty made him now w
spare me the trouble of observing his r
but knowing how much his ignorance exp
to mischief, I thought it cruel to abando
the fortune of the town. We went togetl
day to a coffee-house, where he met wit
and fops, airy, ignorant, and thoughtless
self, with whom he had become acqu
card-tables, and whom he considered as
beings to be envied or admired. Wl
their topicks of conversation I could nev
ver; for so much was their vivacity depr
my intrusive seriousness, that they seldom
ed beyond the exchange of nods and sh
archgrin, or a broken hint, except when th
retire, while I was looking on the pap
corner of the room, when they seemed t
den their imaginations, and commonly ve
superfluity of their sprightliness in a peal

r. When they had tittered themselves into gligence, I could sometimes overhear a few sylla-s, such as,——solemn rascal;——academical s;——smoke the tutor;——company for gen-men!——and other broken phrases, by which lid not suffer my quiet to be disturbed, for they ver proceeded to avowed indignities, but con-ited themselves to murmur in secret, and when-er I turned my eye upon them, shrunk into still-ss.

He was, however, desirous of withdrawing from e subjection which he could not venture to break, d made a secret appointment to assist his com-nions in the persecution of a play. His foot-n privately procured him a catcall, on which practised in a back-garret, for two hours in the ernoon. At the proper time a chair was call-; he pretended an engagement at lady Flutter's, l hastened to the place where his critical asso-tes had assembled. They hurried away to the atre, full of malignity and denunciations against man whose name they had never heard, and a rformance which they could not understand; they were resolved to judge for themselves, l would not suffer the town to be imposed upon scribblers. In the pit, they exerted themselves, th great spirit and vivacity; called out for the nes of obscene songs, talked loudly at intervals Shakespeare and Johnson, played on their cat-ls a short prelude of terror, clamoured vehe-ntly for the prologue, and clapped with great cterity at the first entrance of the players.

Two scenes they heard without attempting in-ruption; but being no longer able to restrain

their impatience, they then began to exer
selves in groans and hisses, and plied their
with incessant diligence; so that they we
considered by the audience as disturbers
house, and some who sat near them, eith
voked at the obstruction of their entertainr
desirous to preserve the author from the m
tion of seeing his hopes destroyed by c
snatched away their instruments of critici
by the seasonable vibration of a stick, subdu
instantaneously to decency and silence.

To exhilarate themselves after this ve
defeat, they posted to a tavern, where th
vered their alacrity, and after two hours o
perous jollity, burst out, big with enterpr
panting for some occasion to signalize the
ess. They proceeded vigorously throu
streets, and, with very little opposition, d
a rabble of drunkards less daring than the
then rolled two watchmen in the kennel, an
the windows of a tavern, in which the f
took shelter. At last it was determined t
up to a row of chairs, and demolish tl
standing on the pavement; the chairmen
a line of battle, and blows were exchange
time with equal courage on both sides.
the assailants were overpowered, and the ch
when they knew their captives, brougl
home by force.

The young gentleman next morning h
head, and was so much ashamed of his c
and defeat, that perhaps he might ha
checked in his first follies, had not his
partly in pity of his dejection, and partly

probation of his spirit, relieved him from his perplexity by paying the damages privately, and discouraging all animadversion and reproof.

This indulgence could not wholly preserve him from the remembrance of his disgrace, nor at once restore his confidence and elation. He was for three days silent, modest, and compliant, and thought himself neither too wise for instruction, nor too manly for restraint. But his levity overcame this salutary sorrow; he began to talk with his former raptures of masquerades, taverns and frolicks; blustered when his wig was not combed with exactness; and threatened destruction to a tailor who had mistaken his directions about the pocket.

I knew that he was now rising again above controul, and that his inflation of spirits would burst out into some mischievous absurdity. I therefore watched him with great attention; but one evening, having attended his mother at a visit, he withdrew himself, unsuspected, while the company was engaged at cards. His vivacity and officiousness were soon missed, and his return impatiently expected; supper was delayed, and conversation suspended; every coach that rattled through the street was expected to bring him, and every servant that entered the room was examined concerning his departure. At last the lady returned home, and was with great difficulty preserved from fits by spirits and cordials. The family was dispatched a thousand ways without success, and the house was filled with distraction, till, as we were deliberating what further measures to take, he returned from a petty gaming-table, with his coat torn,

and his head broken; without his sword, box, sleeve buttons and watch.

Of this loss, or robbery, he gave little acc but instead of sinking into his former sham deavoured to support himself by surliness and rity. "He was not the first that had " away a few trifles, and of what use were " and fortune if they would not admit some " and expences?" His mamma was so provoked by the cost of this prank, that she neither palliate nor conceal it; and his after some threats of rustication which his fo would not suffer him to execute, reduced lowance of his pocket, that he might not be ed by plenty to profusion. This method have succeeded in a place where there are r ders to folly and extravagance, but was now to have produced pernicious consequenc we have discovered a treaty with a broker, daughter he seems disposed to marry, on co that he shall be supplied with present mor which he is to repay thrice the value at th of his father.

There was now no time to be lost. A tick consultation was immediately held, was doomed to pass two years in the count his mother, touched with his tears, decla she thought him too much of a man to longer confined to his book; and he t begins his travels to-morrow under a Fre vernor.

I am, Sir, &c.

EUM

N°196. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1752.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum.
Multa recedentes adimunt.——

HOR.

The blessings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreasing glide.

FRAN.

BAXTER, in the narrative of his own life, has enumerated several opinions, which, though he thought them evident and incontestable at his first entrance into the world, time and experience disposed him to change.

Whoever reviews the state of his own mind from the dawn of manhood to its decline, and considers what he pursued or dreaded, slighted or esteemed at different periods of his age, will have no reason to imagine such changes of sentiment peculiar to any station or character. Every man, however careless and inattentive, has conviction forced upon him: the lectures of time obtrude themselves upon the most unwilling or dissipated auditor; and, by comparing our past with our present thoughts, we perceive that we have changed our minds, though perhaps we cannot discover when the alteration happened, or by what causes it was produced.

The revolution of sentiments occasions a perpetual contest between the old and young. They who imagine themselves entitled to veneration by the prerogative of longer life, are inclined to treat *the notions* of those whose conduct they superin

tend with superciliousness and contempt, for want of considering that the future and the past have different appearances; that the disproportion will always be great between expectation and enjoyment, between new possession and satiety; that the truth of many maxims of age, gives too little pleasure to be allowed till it is felt; and that the miseries of life would be increased beyond all human power of endurance, if we were to enter the world with the same opinions as we carry from it.

We naturally indulge those ideas that please us. Hope will predominate in every mind, till it has been suppressed by frequent disappointments. The youth has not yet discovered how many evils are continually hovering about us, and when he is set free from the shackles of discipline, looks abroad into the world with rapture; he sees an Elysian region open before him, so variegated with beauty, and so stored with pleasure, that his care is rather to accumulate good, than to shun evil; he stands distracted by different forms of delight, and has to other doubt, than which path to follow of those which all lead equally to the bowers of happiness.

He who has seen only the superficies of life believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely suspects that external splendour conceals any latent sorrow or vexation. He never imagines that there may be greatness without safety, affluence without content, jollity without friendship, and solitude without peace. He fancies himself permitted to cull the blessings of every condition, and to leave its inconveniences to the idle and the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miserable but by

his own fault, and seldom looks with much pity upon failings or miscarriages, because he thinks them willingly admitted, or negligently incurred.

It is impossible, without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous sentiments and warm imagination, declaring in the moment of openness and confidence his designs and expectations; because long life is possible, he considers it as certain, and therefore promises himself all the changes of happiness, and provides gratifications for every desire.

He is, for a time, to give himself wholly to frolick and diversion, to range the world in search of pleasure, to delight every eye, to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleasing levities and solid attainments, his deep reflections and his sparkling repartees. He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the scattered excellencies of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addresses to wealth and titles; he is afterwards to engage in business, to dissipate difficulty, and overpower opposition; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatness; and reward all those who countenanced his rise, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At last he will retire in peace and honour; contract his views to domestick pleasures; form the manners of children like himself; observe how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his sons catch ardour from their father's history; he will give laws to the neighbourhood; dictate axioms to posterity, and leave the world an example of wisdom and of happiness.

With hopes like these, he sallies jocund into life; *to little* purpose is he told, that the condi-

tion of humanity admits no pure nor unmingled happiness; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or disease; that uncommon qualifications and contrarieties of excellence, produce envy equally with applause; that whatever admiration and fondness may promise him, he must marry a wife like the wives of others, with some virtues or some faults, and be as often disgusted by her vices, as delighted by her elegance; that if he adventures into the circle of action, he must expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as resolute as himself; that of his children, some may be deformed, and others vicious; some may disgrace him by their follies, some offend him by their insolence, and some exhaust him by their profusion. He hears all this with obstinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of misery.

Among other pleasing errors of young minds, is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked, how little attention his contemporaries can spare from their own affairs, conceives all eyes turned upon himself, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a spy. He therefore considers his fame to be involved in the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of youth proceed from this quick sense of reputation. This it is that gives firmness and constancy, fidelity and disinterestedness, and it is this that kindles resentment for slight injuries, and dictates all the principles of sanguinary honour.

But as time brings him forward into the world,

he soon discovers that he only shares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obscurity of the crowd; and that what he does, whether good or bad, soon gives way to new objects of regard. He then easily sets himself free from the anxieties of reputation, and considers praise or censure as a transient breath, which, while he hears it, is passing away, without any lasting mischief or advantage.

In youth it is common to measure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any measure but interest, and to lose shame without substituting virtue.

Such is the condition of life, that something is always wanting to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence, and great designs which are defeated by inexperience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them; we are able to plan schemes, and regulate measures; but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

N° 197. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1752.

Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver? MART.
Say, to what vulture's share this carcase falls?
F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I BELONG to an order of mankind, considerable at least for their number, to which your

notice has never been formally extended, though equally entitled to regard with those triflers, who have hitherto supplied you with topicks of amusement or instruction. I am, Mr. Rambler, a legacy-hunter; and as every man is willing to think well of the tribe in which his name is registered, you will forgive my vanity if I remind you that the legacy-hunter; however degraded by an ill-compounded appellation in our barbarous language, was known, as I am told, in ancient Rome, by the sonorous titles of Captator and Hæredipeta.

My father was an attorney in the country, who married his master's daughter in hopes of fortune which he did not obtain, having been, as he afterwards discovered, chosen by her only because she had no better offer, and was afraid of service. I was the first offspring of a marriage thus reciprocally fraudulent, and therefore could not be expected to inherit much dignity or generosity, and if I had them not from nature, was not likely ever to attain them; for in the years which I spent at home, I never heard any reason for action or forbearance, but that we should gain money or lose it; nor was taught any other style of commendation, than that Mr. Sneaker is a warm man, Mr. Gripe has done his business, and needs care for nobody.

My parents, though otherwise not great philosophers knew the force of early education, and took care that the blank of my understanding should be filled with impressions of the value of money. My mother used upon all occasions, to *inculcate* some salutary axioms, such as might in*cite me to keep what I had*, and get what I could;

she informed me that we were in a world, where *all must catch that catch can*; and as I grew up, stored my memory with deeper observations; restrained me from the usual puerile expences, by remarking, that *many a little made a mickle;* and when I envied the finery of any of my neighbours, told me, that *brag was a good dog, but holdfast was a better.*

I was soon sagacious enough to discover that I was not born to great wealth; and, having heard no other name for happiness, was sometimes inclined to repine at my condition. But my mother always relieved me, by saying, that there was money enough in the family, that *it was good to be of kin to means*; that I had nothing to do but to please my friends, and I might come to hold up my head with the best squire in the country.

These splendid expectations arose from our alliance to three persons of considerable fortune. My mother's aunt had attended on a lady, who, when she died, rewarded her officiousness and fidelity with a large legacy. My father had two relations, of whom one had broken his indentures and run to sea, from whence, after an absence of thirty years, he returned with ten thousand pounds; and the other had lured an heiress out of a window, who, dying of her first child, had left him her estate, on which he lived without any other care than to collect his rents, and preserve from poachers that game which he could not kill himself.

These hoarders of money were visited and courted by all who had any pretence to approach them, and received presents and compliments from cousins who could scarcely tell the degree of their

relation. But we had peculiar advantages which encouraged us to hope, that we should by degrees supplant our competitors. My father, by his profession, made himself necessary in their affairs; for the sailor and the chambermaid, he inquired out mortgages and securities, and wrote bonds and contracts; and had endeared himself to the old woman, who once rashly lent an hundred pounds without consulting him, by informing her, that her debtor was on the point of bankruptcy, and posting so expeditiously with an execution, that all the other creditors were defrauded.

To the squire he was a kind of steward, and had distinguished himself in his office by his address in raising the rents, his inflexibility in distressing the tardy tenants, and his acuteness in setting the parish free from burdensome inhabitants, by shifting them off to some other settlement.

Business made frequent attendance necessary; trust soon produced intimacy; and success gave a claim to kindness; so that we had opportunity to practise all the arts of flattery and endearment. My mother, who could not support the thought of losing any thing, determined that all their fortunes should centre in me; and, in the prosecution of her schemes, took care to inform me, that nothing cost less than good words, and that it is comfortable to leap into an estate which another has got.

She trained me by these precepts to the utmost ductility of obedience, and the closest attention to profit. At an age when other boys are sporting in the fields, or murmuring in the school, I was contriving some new method of paying my

court; inquiring the age of my future benefactors; or considering how I should employ their legacies.

If our eagerness of money could have been satisfied with the possessions of any one of my relations, they might perhaps have been obtained; but as it was impossible to be always present with all three, our competitors were busy to efface any trace of affection which we might have left behind; and since there was not, on any part, such superiority of merit as could enforce a constant and unshaken preference, whoever was the last that flattered or obliged had, for a time, the ascendant.

My relations maintained a regular exchange of courtesy, took care to miss no occasion of condolence or congratulation, and sent presents at stated times, but had in their hearts not much esteem for one another. The seaman looked with contempt upon the squire as a milksop and a landman, who had lived without knowing the points of the compass, or seeing any part of the world beyond the county town; and whenever they met, would talk of longitude and latitude, and circles and tropicks; would scarcely tell him the hour without some mention of the horizon and meridian, nor shew him the news without detecting his ignorance of the situation of other countries.

The squire considered the sailor as a rude uncultivated savage, with little more of human than his form, and diverted himself with his ignorance of all common objects and affairs; when he could persuade him to go into the field, he always exposed him to the sportsmen, by sending him to

look for game in improper places; and c
vailed upon him to be present at the rac
that he might shew the gentlemen how
sat upon a horse.

The old gentlewoman thought herself v
both, for she lived with no servant but a r
saved her money. The others were ind
ciently frugal: but the squire could not l
out dogs and horses, and the sailor neve
the day to pass but over a bowl of p
which, as he was not critical in the choi
company, every man was welcome that c
out a catch, or tell a story.

All these, however, I was to please; a
task: but what will not youth and avari
take? I had an unresisting suppleness
and insatiable wish for riches; I was pe
instigated by the ambition of my par
assisted occasionally by their instructions
these advantages enabled me to perform
told in the next letter of,

Yours, &c.

CAPT

№ 198. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1752.

Nil mihi das vivus, dicis post fata daturum,
Si non insanis, scis, Maro, quid cupiam.

MART.

You've told me, Maro, whilst you live,
You'd not a single penny give,
But that whene'er you chance to die,
You'd leave a handsome legacy;
You must be mad beyond redress,
If my next wish you cannot guess.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU, who must have observed the inclination which almost every man, however unactive or insignificant, discovers of representing his life as distinguished by extraordinary events, will not wonder that Captator thinks his narrative important enough to be continued. Nothing is more common than for those to tease their companions with their history, who have neither done nor suffered any thing that can excite curiosity or afford instruction.

As I was taught to flatter with the first essays of speech, and had very early lost every other passion in the desire of money, I began my pursuit with omens of success, for I divided my officiousness so judiciously among my relations, that I was

equally the favourite of all. When any of them entered the door, I went to welcome him with raptures; when he went away, I hung down my head, and sometimes entreated to go with him with so much importunity that I very narrowly escaped a consent which I dreaded in my heart. When at an annual entertainment they were all together, I had a harder task; but plied them so impartially with caresses, that none could charge me with neglect; and when they were wearied with my fondness and civilities, I was always dismissed with money to buy playthings.

Life cannot be kept at a stand; the years of innocence and prattle were soon at an end, and other qualifications were necessary to recommend me to continuance of kindness. It luckily happened, that none of my friends had high notions of book-learning. The sailor hated to see tall boys shut up in a school, when they might more properly be seeing the world, and making their fortunes; and was of opinion, that when the first rules of arithmetick were known, all that was necessary to make a man complete might be learned on ship-board. The squire only insisted, that so much scholarship was indispensably necessary, as might confer ability to draw a lease and read the court-hands; and the old chambermaid declared loudly her contempt of books, and her opinion that they only took the head off the main chance.

To unite, as well as we could, all their systems I was bred at home. Each was taught to believe that I followed his directions, and I gained likewise, as my mother observed, this advantage, that I was always in the way; for she had known many

favourite children sent to schools or acadamies and forgotten.

I grew fitter to be trusted to my own discretion, I was often dispatched upon various pretences to visit my relations, with directions from my parents how to ingratiate myself, and drive away competitors.

I was, from my infancy, considered by the sailor as a promising genius, because I liked punch better than wine; and I took care to improve this prepossession by continual inquiries about the art of navigation, the degree of heat and cold in different climates, the profits of trade, and the dangers of shipwreck. I admired the courage of the seaman, and gained his heart by importuning him for a recital of his adventures, and a sight of his foreign curiosities. I listened with an appearance of close attention to stories which I could already repeat, and at the close never failed to express my resolution to visit distant countries, and my contempt of the cowards and drones that spend all their lives in their native parish; though I had in reality no desire of any thing but money, nor ever felt the stimulations of curiosity or ardour of adventure, but would contentedly have passed the years of Nestor in receiving rents and lending upon mortgages.

The squire I was able to please with less hypocrisy, for I really thought it pleasant enough to kill the game and eat it. Some arts of falsehood, however, the *hunger of gold* persuaded me to practise, by which, though no other mischief was produced, the purity of my thoughts was vitiated, and the reverence of truth gradually destroyed.

men. One only obstruction to the advanc
of my reputation I could never fully surm
I was naturally a coward, and was therefo
ways left shamefully behind, when there
necessity to leap a hedge, to swim a river, o
the horses to their utmost speed; but as
exigencies did not frequently happen, I main
my honour with sufficient success, and was
left out of a hunting party.

The old chambermaid was not so certainl
so easily pleased, for she had no predominan
sion but avarice, and was therefore cold and
cessible. She had no conception of any vir
a young man but that of saving his money.
she heard of my exploits in the field, she
shake her head, inquire how much I should
richer for all my performances, and lamen
such sums should be spent upon dogs and h
If the sailor told her of my inclination to
she was sure there was no place like Englan

so awkward and bashful among women, that we concluded him secure from matrimony; and the noisy fondness with which he used to welcome me to his house, made us imagine that he would look out for no other heir, and that we had nothing to do but wait patiently for his death. But in the midst of our triumph, my uncle saluted us one morning with a cry of transport, and clapping his hand hard on my shoulder, told me, I was a happy fellow to have a friend like him in the world, for he came to fit me out for a voyage with one of his old acquaintances. I turned pale and trembled; my father said to him, that he believed my constitution not fitted to the sea; and my mother, bursting into tears, cried out, that her heart would break if she lost me. All this had no effect; the sailor was wholly insusceptive of the softer passions, and, without regard to tears or arguments, persisted in his resolution to make me a man.

We were obliged to comply in appearance, and preparations were accordingly made. I took leave of my friends with great alacrity, proclaimed the beneficence of my uncle with the highest strains of gratitude, and rejoiced at the opportunity now put into my hands of gratifying my thirst of knowledge. But a week before the day appointed for my departure, I fell sick by my mother's direction, and refused all food but what she privately brought me; whenever my uncle visited me I was lethargick or dilirious, but took care in my raving fits to talk incessantly of travel and merchandize. The room was kept dark; the table was filled with vials and gallipots; my mother was with *difficulty* persuaded not to endanger her life with

noctural attendance; my father lamented the loss of the profits of the voyage; and such superfluity of artifices was employed, as perhaps might have discovered the cheat to a man of penetration. But the sailor, unacquainted with subtilties and stratagems, was easily deluded; and as the ship could not stay for my recovery, sold the cargo, and left me to re-establish my health at leisure.

I was sent to regain my flesh in a purer air, lest it should appear never to have been wasted, and in two months returned to deplore my disappointment. My uncle pitied my dejection, and bid me prepare myself against next year, for no land-lubber should touch his money.

A reprieve however was obtained, and perhaps some new stratagem might have succeeded another spring; but my uncle unhappily made amorous advances to my mother's maid, who, to promote so advantageous a match, discovered the secret, with which only she had been entrusted. He stormed and raved, and declaring that he would have heirs of his own, and not give his substance to cheats and cowards, married the girl in two days, and has now four children.

Cowardice is always scorned, and deceit universally detested. I found my friends, if not wholly alienated, at least cooled in their affection; the squire, though he did not wholly discard me, was less fond, and often inquired when I would go to sea. I was obliged to bear his insults, and endeavour to rekindle his kindness by assiduity and respect; but all my care was vain; he died without a will, and the estate devolved to the legal heir.

Thus has the folly of my parents condemned

me to spend in flattery and attendance those years in which I might have been qualified to place myself above hope or fear. I am arrived at manhood, without any useful art or generous sentiment; and, if the old woman should likewise at last deceive me, am in danger at once of beggary and ignorance. I am &c.

CAPTATOR.

N° 199. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1752.

Decolor, obſcurus, vilis, non ille repexam
Ceſariem regum, nec candida virginis ornat
Colla, nec inſigni ſplendet per cingula morſu;
Sed nova ſi nigri videas miracula ſaxi.
Tunc ſuperat pulchros cultus, & quicquid Eoïs
Indus littoribus rubra ſcrutatur in alga.

CLAUDIANUS.

Obscure, unpriz'd and dark, the magnet lies,
Nor lures the search of avaricious eyes,
Nor binds the neck, nor sparkles in the hair,
Nor dignifies the great, nor decks the fair.
But search the wonders of the dusky stone,
And own all glories of the mine outdone,
Each grace of form, each ornament of state,
That decks the fair, or dignifies the great,

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH you have seldom digressed from moral subjects, I suppose you are not so rigorous cynical as to deny the value or usefulness of *tural philosophy*; or to have lived in this age

of inquiry and experiment without any attention to the wonders every day produced by the pockets of magnetism and the wheels of electricity. At least, I may be allowed to hope that, since nothing is more contrary to moral excellence than envy, you will not refuse to promote the moral happiness of others, merely because you cannot partake of their enjoyments.

In confidence, therefore, that your ignorance has not made you an enemy to knowledge, I offer you the honour of introducing to the notice of the publick, an adept, who, having long laboured for the benefit of mankind, is not willing, like too many of his predecessors, to conceal his secrets in the grave.

Many have signalized themselves by melting their estates in crucibles. I was born to no fortune, and therefore had only my mind and body to devote to knowledge; and the gratitude of posterity will attest, that neither mind nor body have been spared. I have sat whole weeks without sleep by the side of an anthanor, to watch the moment of projection; I have made the first experiment in nineteen dividing engines of new construction; I have fallen eleven times speechless under the shock of electricity; I have twice dislocated my limbs, and once fractured my skull, essaying to fly; and four times endangered my life by submitting to the transfusion of blood.

In the first period of my studies, I exerted the powers of my body more than those of my mind, and was not without hopes that fame might be purchased by a few broken bones without the toil of thinking; but having been shattered by some

violent experiments, and constrained to confin myself to my books, I pssed six and thirty years in searching the treasures of ancient wisdom, but am at last amply recompensed for all my perseverance.

The curiosity of the present race of philosophers, having been long exercised upon electricity, has been lately transferred to magnetism; the qualities of the loadstone have been investigated, if not with much advantage, yet with great applause; and as the highest praise of art is to imitate nature, I hope no man will think the makers of artifical magnets celebrated or reverenced above their deserts.

I have for some time employed myself in the same practice, but with deeper knowledge and more extensive views. While my contemporaries were touching needles and raising weights, or busying themselves with inclination and variation, I have been examining those qualities of magnetism which may be applied to the accommodation and happines of common life. I have left to inferior understandings the care of conducting the sailor through the hazards of the ocean, and reserved to myself the more difficult and illustrious province of preserving the connubial compact from violation, and setting mankind free for ever from the danger of suppositititious children, and the torments of fruitless vigilance and anxious suspicion.

To defraud any man of his due praise is unworthy of a philosopher; I shall therefore openly confess, that I owe the first hint of this inestimable secret to the Rabbi Abraham Ben Hannase, who, in his treatise of precious stones, has left this

account of the magnet. "The calamita, or load-"stone that attracts iron produces many bad fan-"tasies in man. Women fly from this stone. If "therefore any husband be disturbed with jealousy "and fear lest his wife converses with other men, "let him lay this stone upon her while she is asleep. "If she be pure, she will, when she wakes, clasp "her husband fondly in her arms; but if she be "guilty, she will fall out of bed, and run away."

When first I read this wonderful passage, I could not easily conceive why it had remained hitherto unregarded in such a zealous competition for magnetical fame. It would surely be unjust to suspect that any of the candidates are strangers to the names or works of Rabbi Abraham, or to conclude, from the late edict of the royal society in favour of the English language, that philosophy and literature are no longer to act in concert. Yet, how should a quality so useful escape promulgation but by the obscurity of the language in which it was delivered? Why are footman and chambermaids paid on every side for keeping secrets which no caution nor expence could secure from the all-penetrating magnet? Or, why are so many witnesses summoned, and so many artifices practised, to discover what so easy an experiment would infallibly reveal?

Full of this perplexity, I read the lines of Abraham to a friend, who advised me not to expose my life by a mad indulgence of the love of fame; he warned me of the fate of Orpheus, that knowledge or genius could give no protection to the invader of female prerogatives; assured me that *neither* the armour of Achilles, nor the antidote

of Mithridates, would be able to preserve me; and counselled me, if I could not live without renown, to attempt the acquisition of universal empire, in which the honour would perhaps be equal and the danger certainly be less.

I, a solitary student, pretend not to much knowledge of the world, but am unwilling to think it so generally corrupt, as that a scheme for the detection of incontinence should bring any danger upon its inventor. My friend has indeed told me, that all the women will be my enemies, and that however I flatter myself with hopes of defence from the men, I shall certainly find myself deserted in the hour of danger. Of the young men, said he, some will be afraid of sharing the disgrace of their mothers, and some the danger of their mistresses; of those who are married, part are already convinced of the falsehood of their wives, and part shut their eyes to avoid conviction; few ever sought for virtue in marriage, and therefore few will try whether they have found it. Almost every man is careless or timorous, and to trust is easier and safer than to examine.

These observations discouraged me, till I began to consider what reception I was likely to find among the ladies, whom I have reviewed under the three classes of maids, wives, and widows; and cannot but hope that I may obtain some countenance among them. The single ladies I suppose universally ready to patronise my method, by which connubial wickedness may be detected, since no woman marries with a previous design to be unfaithful to her husband. And to keep them

steady in my cause, I promise never to sell one of my magnets to a man who steals a girl from school; marries a woman forty years younger than himself; or employs the authority of parents to obtain a wife without her own consent.

Among the married ladies, notwithstanding the insinuations of slander, I yet resolve to believe that the greater part are my friends, and am at least convinced, that they who demand the test, and appear on my side, will supply, by their spirit, the deficiency of their numbers, and that their enemies will shrink and quake at the sight of a magnet, as the slaves of Scythia fled from the scourge.

The widows will be confederated in my favour by their curiosity, if not by their virtue; for it may be observed, that women who have outlived their husbands, always think themselves entitled to superintend the conduct of young wives; and as they are themselves in no danger from this magnetick trial, I shall expect them to be eminently and unanimously zealous in recommending it.

With these hopes I shall, in a short time, offer to sale magnets armed with a particular metallick composition, which concentrates their virtue, and determines their agency. It is known, that the efficacy of the magnet, in common operations, depends much upon its armature; and it cannot be imagined, that a stone, naked or cased only in the common manner, will discover the virtues ascribed to it by Rabbi Abraham. The secret of this metal I shall carefully conceal, and therefore, am not afraid of imitators, nor shall trouble the offices *with solicitation* for a patent.

I shall sell them of different sizes, and various degees of strength. I have some of a bulk proper to be hung at the bed's head, as scar-crows, and some so small that they may easily be concealed. Some I have ground into oval forms to be hung at watches; and some for the curious, I have set in wedding-rings, that ladies may never want an attestation of their innocence. Some I can produce so sluggish and inert that they will not act before the third failure; and others so vigorous and animated, that they exert their influence against unlawful wishes, if they have been willingly and deliberately indulged. As it is my practice honestly to tell my customers the properties of my magnets, I can judge by their choice, of the delicacy of their sentiments. Many have been content to spare cost by purchasing only the lowest degree of efficacy, and all have started with terror from those which operate upon the thoughts. One young lady only fitted on a ring of the strongest energy, and declared that she scorned to separate her wishes from her acts, or allow herself to think what she is forbidden to practise.

I am, &c.

HERMETICUS.

N° 200. SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1752.

Nemo petit modicis quæ mittebantur amicis
A Seneca, quæ Piso bonus, quæ Cotta solebat
Largiri, nempe et titulis et fascibus olim
Major habebatur donandi gloria; solum
Porcimus ut cænes civiliter; hoc face, et esto
Esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis,

JUV.

No man expects (for who so much a sot
Who has the times he lives in so forgot?)
What Seneca, what Piso us'd to send,
To raise, or to support a sinking friend.
Those godlike men, to wanting virtue kind,
Bounty well plac'd, preferr'd, and well design'd,
To all their titles, all that height of pow'r,
Which turn the brains of fools, and fools alone adore.
When your poor client is condemn'd t' attend,
'Tis all we ask, receive him as a friend:
Descend to this, and then we ask no more;
Rich to yourself, to all besides be poor.

BOWLES.

TO THE RAMBLER.

MR RAMBLER,

SUCH is the tenderness or infirmity of many minds, that when any affliction oppresses them, they have immediate recourse to lamentation and complaint, which though it can only be allowed reasonable when evils admit of remedy, and then only when addressed to those from whom the remedy is expected, yet seems even in hopeless and incurable distresses to be natural, since those by whom it is

not indulged, imagine that they give a proof of extraordinary fortitude by suppressing it.

I am one of those who, with the Sancho of Cervantes, leave to higher characters the merit of suffering in silence, and give vent without scruple to any sorrow that swells my heart. It is therefore to me a severe aggravation of a calamity, when it is such as in the common opinion will not justify the acerbity of exclamation, or support the solemnity of vocal grief. Yet many pains are incident to a man of delicacy, which the unfeeling world cannot be persuaded to pity, and which, when they are separated from their peculiar and personal circumstances, will never be considered as important enough to claim attention or deserve redress.

Of this kind will appear to gross and vulgar apprehensions, the miseries which I endured in a morning visit to Prospero, a man lately raised to wealth by a lucky project, and too much intoxicated by sudden elevation, or too little polished by thought and conversation, to enjoy his present fortune with elegance and decency.

We set out into the world together; and for a long time mutually assisted each other in our exigencies, as either happened to have money or influence beyond his immediate necessities. You know that nothing generally endears men so much as participation of dangers and misfortunes; I therefore always considered Prospero as united with me in the strongest league of kindness, and imagined that our friendship was only to be broken by the hand of death. I felt at his sudden *shout of success* an honest and disinterested joy;

but as I want no part of his superfluities, am not willing to descend from that equality in which we hitherto have lived.

Our intimacy was regarded by me as a dispensation from ceremonial visits; and it was so long before I saw him at his new house, that he gently complained of my neglect, and obliged me to come on a day appointed. I kept my promise, but found, that the impatience of my friend arose not from any desire to communicate his happiness, but to enjoy his superiority.

When I told my name at the door, the footman went to see if his master was at home, and, by the tardiness of his return, gave me reason to suspect that time was taken to deliberate. He then informed me, that Prospero desired my company, and shewed the stair case carefully secured by mats from the pollution of my feet. The best apartments were ostentatiously set open, that I might have a distant view of the magnificence which I was not permitted to approach: and my old friend, receiving me with all the insolence of condescension at the top of the stairs, conducted me to a back room, where he told me he always breakfasted when he had not great company.

On the floor where we sat, lay a carpet covered with a cloth, of which Prospero ordered his servant to lift up a corner, that I might contemplate the brightness of the colours and the elegance of the texture, and asked me whether I had ever seen any thing so fine before: I did not gratify his folly with any outcries of admiration, but coldly bade the footman let down the cloth.

We then sat down, and I began to hope that

ide was glutted with persecution, when Prospero sired that I would give the servant leave to adjust e cover of my chair, which was slipt a little aside show the damask; he informed me that he had spoke ordinary chairs for common use, but had en disappointed by his tradesman. I put the air aside with my foot, and drew another so hasy, that I was entreated not to rumple the carpet.

Breakfast was at last set, and as I was not wilg to indulge the peevishness that began to seize e, I commended the tea: Prospero then told e, that another time I should taste his finest sort, it that he had only a very small quantity remaing, and reserved it for those whom he thought mself obliged to treat with particular respect.

While we were conversing upon such subjects as agination happened to suggest, he frequently diessed into directions to the servant that waited, or ade a slight inquiry after the jeweller or silverith; and once, as I was pursuing an argument th some degree of earnestness, he started from a posture of attention, and ordered, that if Lord ofty called on him that morning, he should be ewn into the best parlour.

My patience was not yet wholly subdued. I as willing to promote his satisfaction, and therere observed, that the figures on the china were ainently pretty. Prospero had now an opportuty of calling for his Dresden china, which, says e, I always associate with my chased tea-kettle. he cups were brought; I once resolved not to ve looked upon them, but my curiosity prevailed. hen I had examined them a little, Prospero de*ed me to set them down, for they who were ac-*

customed only to common dishes, seldom handled china with much care. You will, I hope, commend my philosophy, when I tell you that I did not dash his baubles to the ground.

He was now so much elevated with his new greatness, that he thought some humility necessary to avert the glance of envy, and therefore told me with an air of soft composure, that I was not to estimate life by external appearance, that all these shining acquisitions had added little to his happiness, that he still remembered with pleasure the days in which he and I were upon the level, and had often, in the moment of reflection, been doubtful whether he should lose much by changing his condition for mine.

I began now to be afraid lest his pride should by silence and submission, be emboldened to insult that could not easily be borne, and therefore coolly considered, how I should repress it without such bitterness of reproof as I was yet unwilling to use. But he interrupted my meditation, by asking leave to be dressed, and told me, that he promised to attend some ladies in the park, and if I was going the same way, would take me in his chariot. I had no inclination to any other favours, and therefore left him without any intention of seeing him again, unless some misfortune should restore his understanding.

I am, &c.

ASPER.

Though I am not wholly insensible of the provocations which my correspondent has received, I *cannot* altogether commend the keenness of his

resentment, nor encourage him to persist in his resolution of breaking off all commerce with his old acquaintance. One of the golden precepts of Pythagoras directs, that *a friend should not be hated for little faults*; and surely, he, upon whom nothing worse can be charged, than that he mats his stairs and covers his carpet, and sets out his finery to show before those whom he does not admit to use it, has yet committed nothing that should exclude him from common degrees of kindness. Such improprieties often proceed rather from stupidity than malice. Those who thus shine only to dazzle, are influenced merely by custom and example, and neither examine, nor are qualified to examine, the motives of their own practice, or to state the nice limits between elegance and ostentation. They are often innocent of the pain which their vanity produces, and insult others when they have no worse purpose than to please themselves.

He that too much refines his delicacy will always endanger his quiet. Of those with whom nature and virtue oblige us to converse, some are ignorant of the art of pleasing, and offend when they design to caress; some are negligent, and gratify themselves without regard to the quiet of another; some, perhaps, are malicious, and feel no greater satisfaction in prosperity, than that of raising envy and trampling inferiority. But whatever be the motive of insult, it is always best to overlook it; for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect.

N° 201. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 17

——Sanctus haberi
Promiſſique tenax dictis factisque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem. Juv.

Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first magnitude to me.

STEPN

BOYLE has observed, that the excellency manufactures, and the facility of labour, wo be much promoted, if the various expedients contrivances which lie concealed in private ha were by reciprocal communications made gener known; for there are few operations that are performed by one or other with some peculiar vantages, which, though singly of little imp ance, would, by conjunction and concurrence, o new inlets to knowledge, and give new power diligence.

There are, in like manner, several moral ex lencies distributed among the different classes community. It was said by Cujacius, that he ver read more than one book, by which he not instructed; and he that shall inquire a virtue with ardour and attention, will seldom a man by whose example or sentiments he not be improved.

Every profession has some essential and ap *priate virtue*, without which there can be no

our or success, and which, as it is more or
ltivated, confers within its sphere of activi-
rent degrees of merit and reputation. As
rologers range the subdvisions of mankind
the planets which they suppose to influence
ves, the moralist may distribute them accord-
the virtues which they necessarily practise,
nsider them as distinguished by prudence or
de, diligence or patience.

nuch are the modes of excellence settled by
nd place, that men may be heard boasting in
eet of that which they would anxiously con-
another. The grounds of scorn and esteem,
picks of praise and satire, are varied accord-
the several virtues or vices which the course
has disposed men to admire or abhor; but
o is solicitous for his own improvement,
ot be limited by local reputation, but select
very tribe of mortals their characteristical
, and constellate in himself the scattered
which shine single in other men.

e chief praise to which a trader aspires is that
ctuality, or an exact and rigorous observance
mercial engagements; nor is there any vice
ich he so much dreads the imputation, as of
ence and instability. This is a quality which
terest of mankind requires to be diffused
h all the ranks of life, but which many
to consider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue,
the ambition of greatness or attention of
carcely requisite among men of gaiety and
and sold at its highest rate when it is sacri-
o a frolick or a jest.

ry man has daily occasion to remark what

strengthened by petty indulgences. He
not yet hardened by custom, ventures not
violation of important engagements, but
himself bound by his word in cases of prop
danger, though he allows himself to forget
time he is to meet ladies in the park, or a
tavern his friends are expecting him.

This laxity of honour would be more tol
if it could be restrained to the play-house, th
room, or the card-table; yet even there it
ciently troublesome, and darkens those m
with expectation, suspense, and resentment,
are set aside for pleasure, and from which
turally hope for unmingled enjoyment an
relaxation. But he that suffers the slightest
in his morality, can seldom tell what shall e
or how wide it shall be made; when a pas
open, the influx of corruption is every n
wearing down opposition, and by slow

iewn to a young man whose birth and fortune ive him a claim to notice, and who has neither by ce or folly destroyed his privileges. Aliger was leased with this general smile of mankind, and as industrious to preserve it by compliance and ficiousness, but did not suffer his desire of pleas-g to vitiate his integrity. It was his established axim, that a promise is never to be broken; nor as it without long reluctance, that he once suf-red himself to be drawn away from a festal en-gement by the importunity of another company.

He spent the evening, as is usual in the rudi-ents of vice, in perturbation and imperfect en-yment, and met his disappointed friends in the orning, with confusion and excuses. His com-nions not accustomed to such scrupulous anx-y, laughed at his uneasiness, compounded the fence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his ord again, and again levied the penalty. He ven-red the same experiment upon another society, d found them equally ready to consider it as a nial fault, always incident to a man of quickness d gaiety; till, by degrees, he began to think nself at liberty to follow the last invitation, and is no longer shocked at the turpitude of false-od. He made no difficulty to promise his pre-ice at distant places, and if listlessness happened creep upon him, would sit at home with great nquillity, and has often sunk to sleep in a chair, ile he held ten tables in continual expectations his entrance.

It was so pleasant to live in perpetual vacancy, at he soon dismissed his attention as an unless in-mbrance, and resigned himself to carelessness and

dissipation, without any regard to the fu
the past, or any other motive of action t
impulse of a sudden desire, or the attractio
mediate pleasure. The absent were imm
forgotten, and the hopes or fears felt by
had no influence upon his conduct. He
speculation completely just, but never kept
mise to a creditor; he was benevolent, but
deceived those friends whom he undertool
tromize or assist; he was prudent, but suff
affairs to be embarrassed for want of regul
accounts at stated times. He courted a
lady, and when the settlements were draw
a ramble into the country on the day appo
sign them. He resolved to travel, and
chests on shipboard, but delayed to follo
till he lost his passage. He was summon
evidence in a cause of great importance, and
on the way till the trial was past. It is sa
when he had with great experience formed an
in a borough, his opponent contrived, b
agents, who knew his temper, to lure hir
on the day of election.

His benevolence draws him into the com
of a thousand crimes, which others less
civil would escape. His courtesy invites
tion, his promises produce dependence; he
pockets filled with petitions, which he inten
time to deliver and enforce, and his table
with letters of request, with which he pur
comply; but time slips imperceptibly awa
he is either idle or busy; his friends lose t
portunities, and charge upon him their misc
and calamities.

iis character, however contemptible, is not iar to Aliger. They whose activity of ima- on is often shifting the scenes of expectation, equently subject to such sallies of caprice as all their actions fortuitous, destroy the value eir friendship, obstruct the efficacy of their s, and set them below the meanest of those ersist in their resolutions, execute what they ı, and perform what they have promised.

202. SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1752.

ρος ἅπαντα δειλος ἐστιν ὁ πενης πρᾶγματα,
κι πάντας αὐτὸ καταφρονειν ὑπολαμβανει.
δι μιτρίως πρᾶττων περισκιλιστέον
πάντα τ' ανιαρα, Δαμπρια φέρει.

CALLIMACHUS.

om no affliction the poor exempt,
e thinks each eye surveys him with contempt,
ımanly poverty subdues the heart,
ınkers each wound, and sharpens ev'ry dart.

F. LEWIS.

NG those who have endeavoured to pro- learning and rectify judgment, it has been customary to complain of the abuse of , which are often admitted to signify things ferent, that instead of assisting the under- *g as vehicles* of knowledge, they produce

error, dissention, and perplexity, because v
affirmed in one sense, is received in another

If this ambiguity sometimes embarrass
most solemn controversies, and obscures the d
strations of science, it may well be expected t
the pompous periods of declaimers, whose p
is often only to amuse with fallacies, and
the colours of truth and falsehood; or the
compositions of the poets, whose style is prof
figurative, and whose art is imagined to co
distorting words from their original meanin

There are few words of which the rea
lieves himself better to know the import
poverty; yet whoever studies either the p
philosophers, will find such an account of th
dition expressed by that term as his experi
observation will not easily discover to b
Instead of the meanness, distress, complai
xiety, and dependence which have hithert
combined in his ideas of poverty, he will
content, innocence, and cheerfulness, of hea
safety, tranquillity and freedom; of pleasu
known but to men unencumbered with posse
and of sleep that sheds his balsamick anodyn
on the cottage. Such are the blessings to
tained by the resignation of riches, that
might descend from their thrones, and gene
tire from a triumph, only to slumber undistu
the elysium of poverty.

If these authors do not deceive us, nothi
be more absurd than that perpetual con
wealth which keeps the world in commotio
any complaints more justly censured tha
which proceed from want of the gifts of

which we are taught by the great master of moral wisdom to consider as golden shackles, by which the wearer is at once disabled and adorned; as luscious poisons, which may for a time please the palate, but soon betray their malignity by languor and by pain.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without physick, and secure without a guard; to obtain from the bounty of nature, what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artists and attendants, of flatterers and of spies.

But it will be found, upon a nearer view, that they who extol the happiness of poverty, do not mean the same state with those who deplore its miseries. Poets have their imaginations filled with ideas of magnificence; and being accustomed to contemplate the downfal of empires, or to contrive forms of lamentations for monarchs in distress, rank all the classes of mankind in a state of poverty, who make no approaches to the dignity of crowns. To be poor, in the epick language, is only not to command the wealth of nations, nor to have fleets and armies in pay.

Vanity has perhaps contributed to this impropriety of style. He that wishes to become a philosopher at a cheap rate, easily gratifies his ambition by submitting to poverty when he does not feel it, and by boasting his contempt of riches, when he has already more than he enjoys. He who would shew the extent of his views and grandeur of his conceptions, or discover his acquaintance with splendour and magnificence, may talk like Cowley *of an humble* station and quiet obscurity, of the

paucity of nature's wants, and the incoveniencies of superfluity, and, at last, like him, limit his desires to five hundred pounds a-year; a fortune indeed not exuberant when we compare it with the expences of pride and luxury, but to which it little becomes a philosopher to affix the name of poverty, since no man can, with any propriety, be termed poor, who does not see the greater part of mankind richer than himself.

As little is the general condition of human life understood by the panegyrists and historians, who amuse us with accounts of the poverty of heroes and sages. Riches are of no value in themselves; their use is discovered only in that which they procure. They are not coveted, unless by narrow understandings, which confound the means with the end, but for the sake of power, influence, and esteem; or, by some of less elevated and refined sentiments, as necessary to sensual enjoyment.

The pleasures of luxury, many have, without uncommon virtue, been able to despise, even when affluence and idleness have concurred to tempt them; and therefore he who feels nothing from indigence but the want of gratifications which he could not in any other condition make consistent with innocence, has given no proof of eminent patience. Esteem and influence every man desires, but they are equally pleasing and equally valuable, by whatever means they are obtained; and whoever has found the art of securing them without the help of money, ought, in reality, to be accounted rich, since he has all that riches can purchase to a wise man. Cincinnatus, though he lived upon a few acres, cultivated by his own hand, was

sufficiently removed from all the evils generally comprehended under the name of poverty, when his reputation was such, that the voice of his country called him from his farm to take absolute command into his hand; nor was Diogenes much mortified by his residence in a tub, where he was honoured with the visit of Alexander the Great.

The same fallacy has conciliated veneration to the religious orders. When we behold a man abdicating the hope of terrestrial possessions, and precluding himself by an irrevocable vow, from the pursuit and acquisition of all that his fellow-beings consider as worthy of wishes and endeavours, we are immediately struck with the purity, abstraction, and firmness of his mind, and regard him as wholly employed in securing the interests of futurity, and devoid of any other care than to gain, at whatever price, the surest passage to eternal rest.

Yet, what can the votary be justly said to have lost of his present happiness? If he resides in a convent, he converses only with men whose condition is the same with his own; he has from the munificence of the founder all the necessaries of life, and is safe from that destitution, which Hooker declares to be such an impediment to virtue, as, till it be removed, suffereth not the mind of man to admit any other care. All temptations to envy and competition are shut out from his retreat; he is not pained with the sight of unattainable dignity, nor insulted with the bluster of insolence, or the smile of forced familiarity. If he wanders abroad, the sanctity of his character amply compensates all other distinctions; he is seldom seen but with reverence, nor heard but with submission.

It has been remarked, that death, though often defied in the field, seldom fails to terrify when it approaches the bed of sickness in its natural horror; so poverty may easily be endured, while associated with dignity and reputation, but will always be shunned and dreaded, when it is accompanied with ignominy and contempt.

N° 203. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1752.

Cum volet illa dies, quæ nil nisi corporis hujus
Jus habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat ævi.

OVID.

Come soon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
This mortal being only can decay.

WELSTED.

It seems to be the fate of man to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation.

Every one has so often detected the fallaciousness of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himself to expect what a thousand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour, or wish, to find entertainment *in the review* of life, and to repose upon real facts

and certain experience. This is perhaps one reason, among many, why age delights in narratives.

But so full is the world of calamity, that every source of pleasure is polluted, and every retirement of tranquillity disturbed. When time has supplied us with events sufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with so many disasters, that we shrink from their remembrance, dread their intrusion upon our minds, and fly from them as from enemies that pursue us with torture.

No man past the middle point of life can sit down to feast upon the pleasures of youth, without finding the banquet embittered by the cup of sorrow; he may revive lucky accidents and pleasing extravagancies; many days of harmless frolick or nights of honest festivity, will perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in scenes of action, and acquainted with affairs of difficulty and vicissitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the nobler pleasure of looking back upon distress firmly supported, dangers resolutely encountered, and opposition artfully defeated. Æneas properly comforts his companions, when, after the horrors of a storm, they have landed on an unknown and desolate country, with the hope that their miseries will be at some distant time recounted with delight. There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

But this felicity is almost aways abated by the reflection, that they with whom we should be most pleased to share it are now in the grave. A few years make *such* havock in human generations, that

we soon see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleasures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterprize recounts his adventures and expedients, but is forced, at the close of the relation, to pay a sigh to the names of those that contributed to his success; he that passes his life among the gayer part of mankind, has his remembrance stored with remarks and repartees of wits, whose sprightliness and merriment are now lost in perpetual silence; the trader, whose industry has supplied the want of inheritance, repines in solitary plenty at the absence of companions, with whom he had planned out amusements for his later years; and the scholar, whose merit, after a long series of efforts, raises him from obscurity, looks round in vain from his exaltation for his old friends or enemies, whose applause or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Among Martial's requisites to happiness is, *Res non parta labore, sed relicta*, an estate not gained by industry, but left by inheritance. It is necessary to the contemplation of every good, that it be timely obtained; for whatever comes at the close of life, will come too late to give much delight; yet all human happiness has its defects. Of what we do not gain for ourselves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, because we cannot compare the difference between want and possession, or at least can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increase of self-esteem; what we acquire by bravery of science, by mental or corporal diligence, comes at last when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow its happiness from the time to come. In youth we have nothing past to entertain us, and in age, we derive little from retrospect but hopeless sorrow. Yet the future likewise has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we see to be not far distant. The loss of our friends and companions impresses hourly upon us the necessity of our own departure: we know that the schemes of man are quickly at an end, that we must soon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, shall be driven awhile, by hope or fear, about the surface of the earth, and then, like us, be lost in the shades of death.

Beyond this termination of our material existence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes; and almost every man indulges his imagination with something, which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being: some amuse themselves with entails and settlements, provide for the perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the dissipation of the fortunes which it has been their business to accumulate; others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of distant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced posterity.

They whose souls are so chained down to coffers and tenements, that they cannot conceive a state in which they shall look upon them with a less solicitude, are seldom attentive or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of re-

flection, and therefore may be called to re-consider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wise man's wish, has not yet been satisfactorily decided; and, indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to so small a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little interest in the question. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity or measure of renown. The necessary business of life, the immediate pleasures or pains of every condition, leave us not leisure, beyond a fixed proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our present welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of some that must be thrust into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend its view to new objects, by losing sight of those which are now before it.

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while and disappears for ever; and if we except a few transcendant and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion or length of time is able to suppress; all those that engage our thoughts, or diversify our conversation, are every moment hastening to obscurity, as new favourites are adopted by fashion.

It is not therefore from this world, that any ray of comfort can proceed, to cheer the gloom of the last hour. But futurity has still its prospects; there is yet happiness in reserve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will support us in the *pains* of disease, and the languor of decay. This *happiness* we may expect with confidence, because

it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that sincerely desire and earnestly pursue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to rest. Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

N° 204. SATURDAY, FEB. 29, 1752.

Nemo tam dives habuit faventes,
Crastinum ut posset sibi polliceri.

SENECA.

Of heav'n's protection who can be
So confident to utter this—?
To-morrow I will spend in bliss.

F. LEWIS.

SEGED, lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants of the world: To the sons of presumption, humility and fear; and to the daughters of sorrow, content and acquiescence.

Thus, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, spoke Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the distributor of the waters of the Nile: "At length, "Seged, thy toils are at an end; thou hast recon- "ciled disaffection, thou hast suppressed rebellion, "thou hast pacified the jealousies of thy courtiers, "thou hast chased war from thy confines, and "*erected fortresses* in the lands of thy enemies.

" All who have offended thee tremble in thy pre-
" sence, and wherever thy voice is heard, it is
" obeyed. Thy throne is surrounded by armies,
" numerous as the locusts of the summer, and re-
" sistless as the blasts of pestilence. Thy magazines
" are stored with ammunition, thy treasuries over-
" flow with the tribute of conquered kingdoms.
" Plenty waves upon thy fields, and opulence glit-
" ters in thy cities. Thy nod is as the earthquake
" that shakes the mountains, and thy smile as the
" dawn of the vernal day. In thy hand is the
" strength of thousands, and thy health is the
" health of millions. Thy palace is gladdened by
" the song of praise, and thy path perfumed by
" the breath of benediction. Thy subjects gaze
" upon thy greatness, and think of danger or
" misery no more. Why, Seged, wilt not thou
" partake the blessings thou bestowest? Why
" shouldst thou only forbear to rejoice in this ge-
" neral felicity? Why should thy face be clouded
" with anxiety, when the meanest of those who
" call thee sovereign, give the day to festivity, and
" the night to peace? At length, Seged, reflect
" and be wise. What is the gift of conquest but
" safety, why are riches collected but to purchase
" happiness?"

Seged then ordered the house of pleasure, built in an island of the lake Dambea, to be prepared for his reception. " I will retire," says he, " for
" ten days from tumult and care, from counsels
" and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the
" governors of nations, but a cessation of ten days
" *cannot* be denied me. This short interval of
" *happiness* may surely be secured from the inter-

"ruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disap-
"pointment. I will exclude all trouble from my
"abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever
"may confuse the harmony of the concert, or
"abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will fill
"the whole capacity of my soul with enjoyment,
"and try what it is to live without a wish un-
"satisfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged hasted to the palace of Dambea, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colours to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden, were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains, for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy, all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art, all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court, who seemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be sated with felicity. They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them: Their passage was cheered with musick, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged, landing here with his band of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent, to give his heart for

ten days to ease and jollity, and then fall back to the common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified, as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artists of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution till his faculties were harassed, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended, for he found his vexation increased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, till, having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun.—"Such," said Seged sighing, "is the longest day "of human existence: before we have learned to "use it, we find it at an end."

The regret which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all disposition to enjoy the evening; and after having endeavoured, for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next

morning, and lay down to partake with the slaves of labour and poverty the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing that whoever, during nine days, should appear in the presence of the king with a dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven for ever from the palace of Dambea.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frighted away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile; but a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire, than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topicks of conversation, but obtained only forced jests and laborious laughter, and after many atempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber to ascertain, by different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes, but imagined, in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again to rest, but was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion, nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harassed by visionary miseries; but before this resolution could be completed, half the day had elapsed: he felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakness of that being, whose quiet was to be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having been first disturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could disturb him. He at last discovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and that to lose the present in lamenting the past, was voluntarily to protract a melancholy vision. The third day was now declining, and *Seged* again resolved to be happy on the morrow.

N° 205. TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1752.

——Volat ambiguis
Mobilis alis hora, nec ulli
Præstat velox fortuna fidem.

SENECA.

On fickle wings the minutes haste,
And fortune's favours never last.

F. LEWIS.

On the fourth morning Seged rose early, refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden, attended by the princes and ladies of his court; and seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his heart, This day shall be a day of pleasure. The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and sometimes listened to the songs, then mingled with the dancers, sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment; and sometimes uttered grave reflections and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and the sight of happiness conferred by him-

self filled his heart with satisfaction: but having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women, and turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonness or hunger. Seged beheld him with indignation as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake, but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The princesses inclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable casualties which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the consolation of thinking, that he had not been now disappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blasted the hopes of the day, might easily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, since he had already found that discontent and melancholy were not to be frighted away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from controul. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat *to unbounded* pleasantry, by proposing prizes *for those* who should on the following day, distin-

guish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the antichamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches every eye immediately sparkled and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when Seged entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from universal emulation, he found that any passion too strongly agitated puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth, and that the mind, that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must in the same degree be afraid to lose, and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration: and Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest, and those who were forced to allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared the anxiety of the day; for considering himself as obliged to distribute with exact justice the prizes which had been so zealously sought, he durst never remit his attention, but passed his time upon the rack of doubt in ba-

lancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last, knowing that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint, and thinking that on a day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow, he declared that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged soon saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes were not pleased to be levelled with the crowd; and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promise had entitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. "Behold here," said Seged, "the condi-
"tion of him who places his happiness in the hap-
"piness of others." He then retired to meditate, and while the courtiers were repining at his distributions, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next dawn renewed his resolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased his own way.

The relaxation of regularity diffused a general complacence through the whole court, and the emperor imagined, that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as *he was* roving in this careless assembly with equal *carelessness*, he overheard one of his courtiers in a

close arbour murmuring alone: "What merit has "Seged above us, that we should thus fear and "obey him; a man, whom, whatever he may "have formerly performed, his luxury now shews "to have the same weakness with ourselves."

This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting that what was spoken, without intention to be heard, was to be considered as only thought, and was perhaps but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexations, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy, and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day, and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of Seged, till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Goiama. The reflection on his loss, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace himself with the usual pleasures, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by jealousies which the late contest for the prizes had produced, and which, having in vain tried to pacify them by persuasion, he was forced to silence by command.

On the eighth morning Seged was awakened early by an unusual hurry in the apartments, and inquiring the cause, was told that the princess Balkis was siezed with sickness. He rose, and calling the physicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity: all his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whose eyes he closed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia had appropriated to a short respiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may presume to say, "This "day shall be a day of happiness."

N° 206. SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1752.

Propositi nondum pudet, atque eadem est mens,
Ut bona summa putes, aliena vivere quadra.
JUV.

But harden'd by affronts, and still the same,
Lost to all sense of honour and of fame,
Thou yet can'st love to haunt the great man's board,
And think no supper good but with a lord.
BOWLES.

When Diogenes was once asked, what kind of wine he liked best? he answered, "That which is "drunk at the cost of others."

Though the character of Diogenes has never excited any general zeal of imitation, there are many who resemble him in his taste of wine; many who are frugal, though not abstemious, whose appetites, though too powerful for reason, are kept under restraint by avarice; and to whom all delicacies lose their flavour, when they cannot be obtained but at their own expence.

Nothing produes more singularity of manners and of inconstancy of life than the conflict of opposite vices in the same mind. He that uniformly pursues any purpose, whether good or bad, has a settled principle of action; and as he may always find associates who are travelling the same way, is countenanced by example, and sheltered in the multitude; but a man, actuated at once by different desires, must move in a direction peculiar to

himself, and suffer that reproach which we are naturally inclined to bestow on those who deviate from the rest of the world, even without inquiring whether they are worse or better.

Yet this conflict of desires sometimes produces wonderful efforts. To riot in far-fetched dishes, or surfeit with unexhausted variety, and yet practise the most rigid economy, is surely an art which may justly draw the eyes of mankind upon them whose industry or judgment has enabled them to attain it. To him, indeed, who is content to break open the chests, or mortgage the manors of his ancestors, that he may hire the ministers of excess at the highest price, gluttony is an easy science; yet we often hear the votaries of luxury boasting of the elegance which they owe to the taste of others, relating with rapture the succession of dishes with which their cooks and catterers supply them; and expecting their share of praise with the discoverers of arts and the civilizers of nations. But to shorten the way to convivial happiness, by eating without cost, is a secret hitherto in few hands, but which certainly deserves the curiosity of those whose principal enjoyment is their dinner, and who see the sun rise with no other hope than that they shall fill their bellies before it sets.

Of them that have within my knowledge attempted this scheme of happiness, the greater part have been immediately obliged to desist; and some whom their first attempts flattered with success, were reduced by degrees to a few tables, from which they were at last chased to make way for *others*; and having long habituated themselves to

superfluous plenty, growled away their latter years in discontented competence.

None enter the regions of luxury with higher expectations than men of wit, who imagine, that they shall never want a welcome to that company whose ideas they can enlarge, or whose imaginations they can elevate, and believe themselves able to pay for their wine with the mirth which it qualifies them to produce. Full of this opinion, they crowd with little invitation, wherever the smell of a feast allures them, but are seldom encouraged to repeat their visits, being dreaded by the pert as rivals, and hated by the dull as disturbers of the company.

No man has been so happy in gaining and keeping the privilege of living at luxurious houses as Gulosulus, who, after thirty years of continual revelry, has now established, by uncontroverted prescription, his claim to partake of every entertainment, and whose presence they who aspire to the praise of a sumptuous table are careful to procure on a day of importance, by sending the invitation a fortnight before.

Gulosulus entered the world without any eminent degree of merit; but was careful to frequent houses where persons of rank resorted. By being often seen, he became in time known; and from sitting in the same room, was suffered to mix in idle conversation, or assisted to fill up a vacant hour, when better amusement was not readily to be had. From the coffee-house he was sometimes taken away to dinner; and as no man refuses the acquaintance of him whom he sees admitted to familiarity by others of equal dignity, when he had

been met at a few tables, he with less difficulty found the way to more, till at last he was regularly expected to appear wherever preparations are made for a feast, within the circuit of his acquaintance.

When he was thus by accident initiated in luxury, he felt in himself no inclination to retire from a life of so much pleasure, and therefore very seriously considered how he might continue it. Great qualities, or uncommon accomplishments, he did not find necessary; for he had already seen, that merit rather inforces respect than attracts fondness; and as he thought no folly greater than that of losing a dinner for any other gratification, he often congratulated himself, that he had none of that disgusting excellence which impresses awe upon greatness, and condemns its possessors to the society of those who are wise or brave and indigent as themselves.

Gulosulus having never allotted much of his time to books or meditation, had no opinion in philosophy or politicks, and was not in danger of injuring his interest by dogmatical positions or violent contradiction. If a dispute arose, he took care to listen with earnest attention; and when either speaker grew vehement and loud, turned towards him with eager quickness, and uttered a short phrase of admiration, as if surprised by such cogency of argument as he had never known before. By this silent concession, he generally preserved in either controvertist such a conviction of his own superiority, as inclined him rather to pity than irritate his adversary, and prevented those outrages which are sometimas produced by the *rage of defeat* or petulance of triumph.

Gulosulus was never embarrassed but when he was required to declare his sentiments before he had been able to discover to which side the master of the house inclined, for it was his invariable rule to adopt the notions of those that invited him.

It will sometimes happen that the insolence of wealth breaks into contemptuousness, or the turbulence of wine requires a vent; and Gulosulus seldom fails of being singled out on such emergencies, as one on whom any experiment of ribaldry may be safely tried. Sometimes his lordship finds himself inclined to exhibit a specimen of raillery for the diversion of his guest, and Gulosulus always supplies him with a subject of merriment. But he has learned to consider rudeness and indignities as familarities that entitle him to greater freedom: he comforts himself, that those who treat and insult him pay for their laughter, and that he keeps his money while they enjoy their jest.

His chief policy consists in selecting some dish from every course, and recommending it to the company, with an air so decisive, that no one ventures to contradict him. By this practice he acquires at a feast a kind of dictatorial authority; his taste becomes the standard of pickles and seasoning, and he is venerated by the professors of epicurism, as the only man who understands the niceties of cookery.

Whenever a new sauce is imported, or any innovation made in the culinary system, he procures the earliest intelligence and the most authentick receipt; and by communicating his knowledge under proper injunctions of secrecy, gains a right

that he may tell whether his directions have been fully understood.

By this method of life Gulosulus has so impressed on his imagination the dignity of feasting, that he has no other topick of talk or subject of meditation. His calendar is a bill of fare; he measures the year by successive dainties. The only common places of his memory are his meals; and if you ask him at what time an event happened, he considers whether he heard it after a dinner of turbet or venison. He knows, indeed, that those who value themselves upon sense, learning, or piety, speak of him with contempt; but he considers them as wretches envious or ignorant, who do not know his happiness, or wish to supplant him; and declares to his friends, that he is fully satisfied with his own conduct, since he has fed every day on twenty dishes, and yet doubled his estate.

N° 207. TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1752.

Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus.

HOR.

The voice of reason cries with winning force,
Loose from the rapid car your aged horse,
Lest in the race derided, left behind,
He drag his jaded limbs and burst his wind.

FRANCIS.

SUCH is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage may be applied to every other course of life, that its two days of happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy till the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made, and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many

content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to shew him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain; but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are compelled to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies; yet the toil

with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change; if he has made his way by assiduity to publick employment, he talks among his friends of the delight of retreat; if by the necessity of solitary application he is secluded from the world, he listens with a beating heart to distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves to take hereafter his fill of diversions, or display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower add to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and because we have already done

much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Thus unseasonable importunity of discontent may be partly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress those more whose toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which is now considered as within reach, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be withheld.

In some of the noblest compositions of wit, the conclusion falls below the vigour and spirit of the first books; and as a genius is not to be degraded by the imputation of human failings, the cause of this declension is commonly sought in the structure of the work, and plausible reasons are given why in the defective part less ornament was necessary, or less could be admitted. But, perhaps, the author would have confessed, that his fancy was tired, and his perseverance broken; that he knew his design to be unfinished, but that when he saw the end so near, he could no longer refuse to be at rest.

Against the instillations of this frigid opiate, the heart should be secured by all the considerations which once concurred to kindle the ardour of enterprise. Whatever motive first incited action, has *still* great force to stimulate perseverance; since he that might have lain still at first in blameless

obscurity, cannot afterwards desist but with infamy and reproach. He, whom a doubtful promise of distant good could encourage to set difficulties at defiance, ought not to remit his vigour when he has almost obtained his recompence. To faint or loiter when only the last efforts are required, is to steer the ship through tempests, and abandon it to the winds in sight of land; it is to break the ground and scatter the seed, and at last to neglect the harvest.

The masters of rhetorick direct, that the most forcible arguments be produced in the latter part of an oration, lest they should be effaced or perplexed by supervenient images. This precept may be justly extended to the series of life: nothing is ended with honour, which does not conclude better than it began. It is not sufficient to maintain the first vigour; for excellence loses its effect upon the mind by custom, as light after a time ceases to dazzle. Admiration must be continued by that novelty which first produced it, and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains.

We not only are most sensible of the last impressions, but such is the unwillingness of mankind to admit transcendent merit that, though it be difficult to obliterate the reproach of miscarriages by any subsequent atchievement, however illustrious, yet the reputation raised by a long train of success, may be finally ruined by a single failure; for weakness or error will be always remembered by that malice and envy which it gratifies.

For the prevention of that disgrace, which has

situde and negligence may bring at last upon the greatest performances, it is necessary to proportion carefully our labour to our strength. If the design comprises many parts, equally essential, and therefore not to be separated, the only time for caution is before we engage; the powers of the mind must be then impartially estimated; and it must be remembered, that not to complete the plan is not to have begun it; and that nothing is done, while any thing is omitted.

But, if the task consists in the repetition of single acts, no one of which derives its efficacy from the rest, it may be attempted with less scruple, because there is always opportunity to retreat with honour. The danger is only, lest we expect from the world the indulgence with which most are disposed to treat themselves; and in the hour of listlessness imagine, that the diligence of one day will atone for the idleness of another, and that applause begun by approbation will be continued by habit.

He that is himself weary will soon weary the publick. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infest the stage till a general hiss command him to depart.

N° 208. THURSDAY, MARCH 41, 1752.

Ηρακλειτος εγω· τι με 'φ κατω ειλκετ' ἀμυσοι;
Ωυχ' υμιν επονην, τοις δε μ' εμις·αμενοις·
Εις εμοι ανδρωπος τρισμυριοι· οι δ' ανριδμοι
Ουδεις ταυτ' αυδα και παρη Περσιφον.

DIOG. LAERT.

Begone, ye blockheads, Heraclitus cries,
And leave my labours to the learn'd and wise;
By wit, by knowledge, studious to be read,
I scorn the multitude, alive or dead.

TIME, which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows, has likewise concluded the labours of the Rambler. Having supported for two years, the anxious employment of a periodical writer, and multiplied my essays to four volumes, I have now determined to desist.

The reasons of this resolution it is of little importance to declare, since justification is unnecessary when no objection is made. I am far from supposing, that the cessation of my performances will raise any inquiry, for I have never been so much a favourite of the publick, nor can boast, that, in the progress of my undertaking, I have been animated by the rewards of the liberal, the caresses of the great, or the praises of the eminent.

But I have no design to gratify pride by submission, or malice by lamentation; nor think it reasonable to complain of neglect from those whose regard I never solicited. If I have not been dis-

tinguished by the distributors of literary honours, I have seldom descended to the arts by which favour is obtained. I have seen the meteors of fashion rise and fall without any attempt to add a moment to their duration. I have never complied with temporary curiosity, nor enabled my readers to discuss the topick of the day. I have rarely exemplified my assertions by living characters; in my papers, no man could look for censures of his enemies, or praises of himself; and they only were expected to peruse them, whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its naked dignity.

To some however, I am indebted for encouragement, and to others for assistance. The number of my friends was never great, but they have been such as would not suffer me to think that I was writing in vain, and I did not feel much dejection from the want of popularity.

My obligations having not been frequent, my acknowledgments may be soon dispatched. I can restore to all my correspondents their productions, with little diminution of the bulk of my volumes, though not without the loss of some pieces to which particular honours have been paid.

The parts from which I claim no other praise than that of having given them an opportunity of appearing, are the four billets in the tenth paper, the second letter in the fifteenth, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, the ninety-seventh, and the hundredth papers, and the second letter in the hundred and seventh.

Having thus deprived myself of many excuses *which* candour might have admitted for the ine-

quality of my compositions, being no longer able to alledge the necessity of gratifying correspondents, the importunity with which publication was solicited, or obstinacy with which correction was rejected, I must remain accountable for all my faults, and submit, without subterfuge, to the censures of criticism, which, however, I shall not endeavour to soften by a formal deprecation, or to overbear by the influence of a patron. The supplications of an author never yet reprieved him a moment from oblivion; and though greatness has sometimes sheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance our dulness. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not at last violate it by the confession of terrors which I do not feel: having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanness of dedication.

The seeming vanity with which I have sometimes spoken of myself, would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the example of those who have published essays before me, and by the privilege which every nameless writer has been hitherto allowed. "A mask," says Castiglione, "confers a right of acting and speaking "with less restraint, even when the wearer hap-"pens to be known." He that is discovered without his own consent, may claim some indulgence, and cannot be rigorously called to justify those sallies or frolicks which his disguise must prove him desirous to conceal.

But I have been cautious lest this offence should be frequently or grossly commited: for as one of the philosophers directs us to live with a friend, as

with one that is some time to become an enemy, I have always thought it the duty of an anonymous author to write as if he expected to be hereafter known.

I am willing to flatter myself with hopes, that, by collecting these papers, I am not preparing, for my future life, either shame or repentance. That all are happily imagined, or accurately polished, that the same sentiments have not sometimes recurred, or the same expressions been too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities sufficient to warrant. He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease: he will labour on a barren topick, till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce.

Whatever shall be the final sentence of mankind, I have at least endeavoured to deserve their kindness. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence. When common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I have familiarized the terms of philosophy by applying them to popular ideas, but have rarely admitted any word not authorized *by former* writers; for I believe that whoever

knows the English tongue in its present extent, will be able to express his thoughts without further help from other nations.

As it has been my principal design to inculcate wisdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found, of which the highest excellence is harmless merriment: but scarcely any man is so steadily serious as not to complain, that the severity of dictatorial instruction has been too seldom relieved, and that he is driven by the sternness of the Rambler's philosophy to more cheerful and airy companions.

Next to the excursions of fancy are the disquisitions of criticism, which, in my opinion, is only to be ranked among the subordinate and instrumental arts. Arbitrary decision and general exclamation I have carefully avoided, by asserting nothing without a reason, and establishing all my principles of judgment on unalterable and evident truth.

In the pictures of life I have never been so studious of novelty or surprize as to depart wholly from all resemblance; a fault which writers deservedly celebrated frequently commit, that they may raise, as the occasion requires, either mirth or abhorrence. Some enlargement may be allowed to declamation, and some exaggeration to burlesque; but as they deviate further from reality, they become less useful, because their lessons will fail of application. The mind of the reader is carried away from the contemplation of his own manners; he finds in himself no likeness to the phantom before him; and, though he laughs or rages, is not reformed.

The essays professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure, which no blame or praise of man shall diminish or augment. I shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Α των ἰκ μακάρων ἀντάξιος εἴ ποτ' ἀμοιβή.

Celestial pow'rs! that piety regard,
From you my labours wait their last reward.

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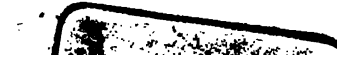
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